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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

REMEMBER THE LUSITANIA

THE *Westminster Gazette* prints the following quotation from a recent issue of the *Revue Militaire*, the official organ of the French Ministry of Marine: —

It is high time we got rid of the misleading ideas which are prevalent regarding the use made by Germany of the submarine as a war weapon. The submarine war was completely justifiable. . . . It is time also to explode the belief that the use of the submarine by Germany was inconsistent with the usages of the international laws of warfare. This view, which was circulated erroneously during the war, might dangerously prejudice our national defense in the future. . . . It is quite unjustifiable to contend that an enemy merchant ship should be warned before being torpedoed.

What then of the Lusitania and the whole *spurlos versenkt* policy? Or were we merely misled into moral indignation at these acts?

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AN ANTI-VERSAILLES EXPOSITION

A CORRESPONDENT of *L'Europe Nouvelle* describes a traveling 'Exposition of the Treaty of Versailles' which is being shown in various German cities under the auspices of a 'League for the Protection of German Culture.' The correspondent visited the Exposition when it was at Stuttgart, and found it crowded with schoolchildren, under the guidance of their teachers. There were 107 charts and diagrams, of which twenty-eight were devoted to illustrating Wilson's Fourteen Points. For instance, Point XII proclaiming freedom of the seas, was illustrated by a German surrounded by a big Englishman, an enormous American, a Frenchman, an Italian, and a Japanese, carrying off Germany's shipping. The other illustrations in this section were of the same general character. Maps showing the territories of which Germany had been deprived, with views of Danzig, Strassburg, Metz, and other towns, formed another section of the exhibition. These maps were accompanied by charts containing pictorial illustrations of the proportions of the population in each of these territories which spoke German. Still other charts illustrated the economic clauses of the Treaty: for instance, Germany's coal deliveries to the Allies were pictured in the form of railway trains of coal cars. Cartoons of the black troops on the Rhine and a variety of posters were also exhibited. One of the latter was the picture of an emaciated German baby in its cradle, crushed under a heavy sack containing the inscription, '57,162 marks.' The legend was: 'The

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war indemnity imposes a burden of 57,-162 marks on every baby born in Germany.'

AVENGING KITCHENER

THE London *Times* tells in a recent issue how the British steamship Palmbranch — laden most inconsistently, for her name, with ammunitions, poison-gas, and high explosives — destroyed in the Arctic Ocean the submarine which had sunk the cruiser bearing Lord Kitchener.

It was a quarter to four of a clear, sunny afternoon. Land had already been sighted about fifteen miles distant. Captain Malling, the master, had received no warning that submarines were about. But he was an alert officer who left nothing to chance, and had his ship and crew organized to a man-of-war's pitch. The gun's crew were standing by the gun, an American 13-pounder, with a cartridge inserted but the breech open, and they were ready for anything.

Suddenly one of the gun's crew saw a stationary periscope sixty yards distant on the port beam. At the same moment a white track of bubbles revealing a torpedo's course raced towards the ship. The track passed two or three feet from her stern; the torpedo had gone under the ship, running too deep to strike her. The men at the Palmbranch's gun slammed to the breech and laid their sights to zero. As they did so, the conning-tower of a submarine rose on the port quarter, barely forty yards away. Then the deck itself emerged from the water.

Naval gunners are rarely gifted with such a target at point-blank range. They accepted it with due thanksgiving. A flash, a roar; the Palmbranch's first shell struck the U-boat at the base of the conning-tower, just where it joined the deck, and tore great gaps and rents. Five seconds later a second shell burst against the water-line forward. Two rounds with a small gun. They sufficed. The submarine, which appeared to be stopped, rolled slightly. Then, taking a heavy list, and tilting on end with stern high out of the water, she sank vertically out of sight.

BUDAPEST CONTRASTS

Pester Lloyd in an article entitled, 'A Gloomy Capital,' says: —

A foreigner loitering through the streets of Budapest knows little of the care and worry of our suffering middle classes — naught of the fearful situation of a multitude who are literally starving. Richly gowned women, shop windows filled with luxuries, and sumptuous restaurants thronged with a select public consuming costly wines and dainty food, are merely surface symptoms. Beneath all this is an inferno of poverty, cold, and hunger.

The occasion of this comment was a recent debate in the Hungarian Parliament, during which some of the deputies testified to pathetic instances of distress which had come to their personal knowledge. A former general had recently stopped a representative in front of the Parliament House begging him to secure himself and his family at least a single room for shelter. An elderly lady of the upper class had sold the last article of furniture except her bed to procure food. She was found lying in the bed almost starved, resignedly waiting for death. A children's hospital was described where the sick children were lying four in a bed. One of the deputies who had taken the trouble to make a personal investigation, with the assistance of a group of friends, presented data of 2800 families, including some 10,000 persons, who were literally in the last stages of destitution. He said these were merely 'the advance guard of the huge army of paupers.' Yet there is scarcely a beggar to be seen on the public streets. The people who are suffering most belong to the formerly well-to-do and respectable classes, who bear their privations in silence.

MONEY-MANUFACTURING

THE London *Economist* admits that it is somewhat puzzled because the

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paper money of Russia has not suffered the fate of the French assignats, since the quantity issued is incomparably greater, both absolutely and in relation to the wealth of the country, than was that of Revolutionary France. It explains the continued circulation of this money by the assumption that the Russian peasant is not yet sufficiently enlightened to appreciate the difference between money and wealth. It adds: —

The printing of the notes themselves has raised technical difficulties. The addition of naughts and the substitution of thousands for hundreds has failed to keep pace with the increased demand for this money, so that whereas note manufacture was originally carried on only in Petrograd, the government found it necessary in the spring of 1918 to open a new factory in Penza, and to supplement these by additional factories in Moscow and Perm. From a technical point of view, the later issues mark an advance on previous issues, those of 1920 bearing water-print marks, and *orlov* net, which makes forgery difficult. In 1920, 4000 tons of rags were used and a special department for their collection had to be inaugurated. On January 1, 1921, 13,616 laborers were employed in the manufacture of the notes.

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RURAL PROBLEMS IN AUSTRALASIA

NEW SOUTH WALES, like the Argentine, Italy, Yugoslavia, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Bulgaria, Poland, and the Baltic countries, is trying to break up its great landholdings. Last year a bill was introduced into the State Parliament providing that land above the value of twenty thousand pounds in any one holding might be condemned and bought in by the Government and paid for in Government bonds. This bill was rejected because the interest rate was so low as to imply confiscation. A new bill is now before Parliament which, if enacted, will impose penal taxation upon the proprietors of large estates, unless they use the land to its fullest and best capacity.

At the same time, agriculture is struggling against adverse conditions in all Australasia. The price of lamb in Great Britain has recently declined more than one half — from about thirty cents to fifteen cents a pound. The freight from New Zealand to London is more than one half the latter amount, and is four times the freight from the Argentine to London. Although freight from Australasia to America is well toward double what it is to London, the price of butter is so much higher in this country than in England, that New Zealand producers are shipping to New York.

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FRANCE'S BLACK ARMY

THE French Parliament is debating the new military law to reduce compulsory service to eighteen months, and to increase the number of black troops from 200,000 to 300,000 men. Of the latter, North Africa already supplies 100,000 troops, which is estimated to be about the maximum procurable from that section. Consequently, the additional 100,000 will have to come from equatorial Africa and Asia. In the Asiatic continent it is hoped to raise from 20,000 to 40,000 men. But the main increase will come from the negro army proper; that is, the Central Africa recruiting station. It is proposed to raise this force from 80,000 to 160,000 men.

In discussing these figures, *Le Figaro* cautions against placing too much reliance upon a black army. 'Let us summon them to fight at our side, but not to fight in our place. Otherwise France may become a sort of Roman Empire, whose decadence began the day its citizens entrusted their defense to barbarian mercenaries.'

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STRASSBURG UNIVERSITY

SINCE the recovery of Alsace, Strassburg University shares with the University of Lyon the honor of being the second largest centre of learning in France. The Government has spent four million francs modernizing and improving the institution. Several new chairs have been added, and some entirely new departments, notably one of Oriental languages. The department of Germanic languages has been maintained and even extended, and a centre of Germanic studies has been established at Mainz. Of the seven deans, five are Alsatians. Of the 2415 students enrolled, 1510 are following courses in German.

At first the student body received something of a shock. Its members passed suddenly from a German 'academic liberty' régime, which is all too often merely an invitation to idleness and drinking, to our system of strict and regular examinations. They had no idea how exacting French professors were. . . . The public lectures have been attended by vast audiences. The ladies of Strassburg have given evidence of an insatiable intellectual curiosity. An uninterrupted procession of celebrities has crossed the platforms of the university lecture halls. Barrès charmed without convincing; Tagore — in a gorgeous silk costume — glorified a life of abstinence and meditation in the wilderness. Frazer talked of the savages; Burnett of Plato.

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BRIDES ON COMMISSION

AMONG the interesting correspondence which drifts into the *Living Age* office from foreign realms, the following letter under a Vienna headline is of sufficiently entertaining interest to be communicated to our readers: —

Euer Hochwohlgeboren, . . . Allow me the liberty to inform you that I have been in constant touch with the highest social circles of Europe for some twenty-five years, and in consequence of my intimate connections with the aristocracy as well as with other leading personalities in official and industrial life, have been requested to negotiate acceptable marriages for them. I have performed this service satisfactorily in a large number of cases during the past few years. I propose shortly to make a tour of the United States in order to become acquainted with ladies in that country who desire to make happy marriages in Europe.

I shall, therefore, be pleased to have parents, guardians, uncles, and other near kin, who are in charge of the affairs of marriageable daughters, wards, nieces, or other relatives, and likewise widows, communicate with me at an early date, with full specifications as to their personal attractions and property. I can guarantee that their commissions will be attended to with the utmost discretion and delicacy. . . .

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THROUGH TRAVEL VIA SIBERIA

ACCORDING to the *North China Herald*, it is possible for nearly all travelers except Americans to use the Siberian route to Europe. Trains are now running regularly, taking sixteen days from Peking to Moscow. Passports for Chita are viséd in Harbin or Manchuli, and passports for Soviet Russia are viséd in Chita. There are two express trains to Chita every week, the journey from Peking requiring about four days. A daily mail train runs from Chita to Irkutsk, requiring twenty-four hours for the trip. It carries a through car daily to Moscow and through tickets to this city can be bought at Chita. The schedule time from Irkutsk to Moscow is ten days. Since America has no trade agreement or treaty with Soviet Russia, the latter country will not grant our citizens visas.

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MINOR NOTES

FAILURE has unfortunately followed the effort of the trade unions in France and Germany to arrange for the recon-

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struction of ruined villages in the devastated regions with German labor. The proposal was approved at first by Premier Briand and Minister Loucheur. A delegation of French and German experts inspected the region where the work was to be undertaken, and eleven villages selected by them endorsed the project by an overwhelming popular vote. In some of them the only dissenting ballots were those of contractors.

According to reports in German newspapers, a countermove was started by French contractors and other interested parties, who saw that profitable jobs would be taken away from them if this plan proved successful and was extended, as it promised speedily to be. So they were able by patriotic appeals aided by the press, and by an anti-German agitation conducted mainly in districts which had not suffered from the war, to bring sufficient pressure to bear on Parliament to deter the Minister of Reconstruction from carrying out the project as originally intended. M. Loucheur informed the villagers who had voted to accept German aid that they would thereby forfeit all right to assistance from the French Government; and that the latter had funds to proceed immediately with the work of reconstruction. As a result of these representations the villagers immediately concerned reconsidered their action and revoked it by a majority of three votes.

LAST year appropriations in the French budget for the mandate of Syria were one hundred and eighty-five million francs. The Chamber of Deputies reduced them this year to twenty million francs. Thereupon M. Briand intervened to secure a reconsideration of this item, which he desires to see increased to fifty million francs. Among other things, France is supporting in Syria some twelve thousand schools. In the arguments upon the appropriation, experts brought out the fact that the cost of living in France has increased at least threefold since before the war, while the cost of living in Syria — presumably for Europeans — is two hundred and twenty per cent more than it is in France.

A RECENT scientific expedition into Central Australia brings back confirmation of the existence of a saturated sandstone area beneath large arid regions there, which may make certain sections available for habitation if not for extensive cultivation. This expedition reports the existence of large coal or lignite fields in the country which it explored, and evidences of former glaciers, indicating that this region where the summer temperature now ranges around 120 degrees in the shade, was once ribbed with thick ice and had an arctic climate. Although a telegraph line crosses the continent in the path of this exploration, and the continent has been traversed many times by political expeditions, there has never yet been a proper geological survey of the central region.

THE London *Economist*, under the title, 'The Darkest Hour,' says: 'In the records of British economic history, Christmas 1921 will probably mark the lowest point in the depression following the Great War.' Great Britain's coal output has declined from 285 million tons in 1913 to 160 million tons last year; its pig iron output from ten million tons to barely one fourth that quantity. These figures are entirely without precedent since Great Britain became an industrial nation.

Unemployment aid and poor relief have reached such dimensions as to prove an intimidating problem for the British Government and taxpayers. According to the London *Times* 'there is

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one pauper to every twenty-nine of the population.' During the past year the number relieved per one thousand of the estimated population rose from fifteen to thirty-six.

JAPAN'S foreign trade continues in a state of abnormal depression. During the first half of 1920, the country's imports were valued at more than $800,000,000 and its exports at more than $950,000,000. During the first half of 1921, imports were less than $400,000,000 and exports were only $287,000,000. Not only did the country's foreign trade decline about seventy per cent, but a favorable balance of $165,000,000 was converted into an unfavorable balance of $212,000,000.

THE latest reports from China indicate that the disappointment of its people — and especially of the more radical element among the students — at the failure of Washington to support China's claims at the Conference, has resulted in a sudden reversal of sentiment toward this country. Violent demonstrations against America have occurred and there is some talk of boycotting American as well as Japanese manufactures.

THE Japanese soldier who shot Lieut. Langdon, an American officer, in Vladivostok, last winter, is reported to be drawing large audiences in Japan as a movie lecturer.

A Moscow correspondent of *Frankfurter Zeitung* relates the following anecdote: —

A short time ago a good lady of the middle class told me what she considered a great secret, begging me not to inform anyone that she had told me. The Russian peasants have a superstition that a certain word combination contains a divine message. The Soviet coat-of-arms contains a hammer and a sickle, which are called in Russian *molot* and *serp*. If you read these two words backward as a single word they make *prestolom*, which means 'through the throne.'

IT is proposed to resume the Bayreuth Wagner Festivals in 1923. They have been discontinued since 1914. The reserve fund which had accumulated from previous festivals has been exhausted, but three million marks — half the sum necessary for a resumption of the festival — have already been collected from voluntary subscriptions in Germany. Even impoverished Vienna is contributing to this fund.

DRY America is not the only country complaining of the price of drinks. The London *Morning Post* makes a vigorous attack on the profiteering of British publicans. It points out that the gross profit on a barrel of ale retailed across the bar is thirteen pounds ten shillings, or one hundred and twenty-nine per cent. The retail price of liquors is some two and one half times the wholesale price.

Germania, the Berlin organ of the Clerical Party, which represents Chancellor Wirth, takes exception to the table drawn by the French Senator, Gaston Japy, which was published under the title: 'A Franco-German Parallel' in our issue of January 14, and prints computations which present a different picture of the relative condition of the two countries. Germany, being a federal state, has a relatively larger local indebtedness and pays heavier local taxes than does a highly centralized government like that of France. Among other points made in the article is that the German average income is burdened with an income tax of 28.75 per cent; the French with an income tax of only 17.5 per cent.

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PRESIDENT OBREGÓN AND THE CONFERENCE

BY DR. E. J. DILLON

[*Dr. Dillon, who has recently returned to Great Britain from Mexico, where he has been making a special study of political and economic conditions, secured from President Obregón a statement of Mexico's attitude toward the Washington Conference, which we publish below with Dr. Dillon's introduction.*]

From the *English Review, January*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

I. INTRODUCTION

WITH Cavour, Bismarck, and Ito, statesmanship in the highest and best sense of that much-abused term seemingly died out. Certainly the mantles of those personages have fallen upon none of the peripatetic Ministers whom the politico-social convulsions of the last seven years have thrust into the foreground of contemporary history. The world therefore has to make the most of well-meaning individuals who excel as parliamentary tacticians, of chiefs who are great in little things and little in great, oratorical 'spellbinders,' and shirt-sleeve diplomatists. And the results of their leadership are what I foresaw they would be when I wrote upon the Peace Conference over two years ago: militarism, discord, wars, bankruptcy, and anarchy. Of genuine statesmanship there is no visible trace among the present roughhewers of the world's destinies at Washington or in Europe. None of them betrays consciousness of the magnitude of the issues that confront civilized humanity; none seems able to read the riddle of the twentieth-century Sphinx, still less to play the part of Moses to the bewildered peoples who, having lost their way, wander aimlessly hither and thither without either fire or smoke to guide them.

And yet things are not wholly what they seem. Europeans will be amazed — or possibly only amused — to learn that a genuine statesman is still to be found, but that, like the violet, he flourishes in the shade. It is undoubtedly odd that of all countries on the globe Mexico should be the place of his birth and the scene of his many-sided activities. A statesman in Mexico? the skeptical may ask. And at first blush there would seem to be a contradiction in the very terms. Can Mexico, that political volcano, the destructiveness of whose intermittent eruptions has been felt even in distant Europe, produce a statesman? However skeptically theory may dispose one to consider the question, facts compel us to answer it affirmatively and to admit that circumstance does not always bear out current theories nor bring accepted prophecies to pass. If it did, assuredly it is not the Spanish race that would have produced the world's greatest humorist, nor would Shakespeare have seen the light of day in England.

However that may be, General Obregón, the present chief of the Mexican Republic, is to my thinking one of the most gifted leaders of men in the world of to-day. Of his career, which has been fraught with historic incident and un-

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recorded heroism, one may say with truth in the words of the poet: —

> His striving was with loving
> And his living was in deed.

Head, heart, and hand combine to render him a born shepherd of men, who may be found to answer to Carlyle's description of a genius, so manifold is his intellectual equipment. Unlike Goetz von Berlichingen, he can write history as well as make it. To his uncommonly large fund of what is misnamed common sense, Nature has added the precious faculty of seeing things as they are, without any discoloring medium. In his childhood Alvaro Obregón knew poverty and want intimately and long, owing to his father's untimely death, but they were tempered with self-respect, self-help, love of truth, and a burning passion for justice. Working his way upward from the lowest rung of the social ladder by dint of rare qualities of head and heart, he was already in possession of a modest competency when, in response to the inner call of duty, he left his home and family and took up arms for the praiseworthy purpose of ending once for all the aimless disorders which were wrecking his country. Hating bloodshed, he resolved to root out its causes and not merely to limit or modify the arms with which it was being perpetuated. He first learned the task of a soldier and an officer, then founded a company of trusted warriors like himself, speedily rising until he became Commander-in-Chief of all the forces of the Republic. He fought many bloody battles, in one of which he lost his right arm — but he never sustained a defeat.

Having thus put an end to revolutions and banditry, General Obregón at the height of his military fame declared himself a pacifist and proceeded to adopt in Mexico, and therefore on a small scale, the remedial measures which the stewards of humanity at Washington are talking of adopting at some future time. He set about removing the causes of discord and strife. By way of a beginning he disbanded the army and told those critics who pointed to storm clouds drifting from the United States that the one and only hope of the nation consists in the moral support of the civilized world based on the good conduct of the Mexican people. And to the winning of this sympathy and support all his efforts are directed. To seek to rig out an army to cope with that of the United States would be to ape the frog that vied with the bull.

Although Obregón is a Mexican and a patriot, he contemplates his country in correct perspective, as a member of the family of nations with certain duties to fulfill and definite functions to perform. And these obligations he is determined to carry out even though — as at present — the correlative rights of his country are withheld by superior force. For there is a sort of Triple Entente which refuses to recognize the Mexican Government, hinders it from obtaining credit, prevents the realization of Obregón's internal reform programme, and in this way is contributing powerfully but as yet unsuccessfully to drive the Mexican people back to civil war and anarchy. It is one of the incongruities of latter-day politics that this sinister work was undertaken by the eminent public men who are now meritoriously laboring to render war cheaper and to dispense with it altogether in the specific task of eliminating Japan from world politics.

From his earliest days — he is now in his forty-first year — Obregón has taken an intelligent interest in the political and social problems which are at present exercising the ingenuity of 'old parliamentary hands,' and in his own country he has had the courage to

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make experiments with a view to solving them — experiments which English-speaking politicians on both shores of the Atlantic would do well to study — when they have the time. For Obregón's vision is usually keen and true. When the World War broke out, President Carranza — whom Obregón had raised to the highest office in the Republic — was so cleverly tempted by Germany to throw in Mexico's lot with that of the Central European Powers that he finally consented in principle. It was then that Obregón uttered his veto, which, as he was the idol of the army, was decisive and without appeal. 'But look at what Germany offers us,' exclaimed Carranza. 'Yes,' replied Obregón, 'Germany, like the priest consoling the agonizing patient, will recommend Mexico to the mercies of the Most High.' And it was entirely owing to Obregón's irreducible opposition that his country remained neutral. Nor was that the only occasion on which he saved it from ruin.

Obregón keeps himself well posted on the main political and social currents in Europe, America, and the Far East, and his own reflections on the events to which they lead are critical, original, and illuminating. I enjoy the privilege of knowing him personally and intimately. We traveled together from one end of the Republic to the other for weeks at a time, 'roughing it' in many places and under trying conditions which bring out the character of a man. I am acquainted with the members of his family, with his first teachers, and with many of his schoolmates in the north, and I can truly say that I have not met any statesman whom for constructive ideas, idealism rooted in realities, political vision, and indifference to cheap popularity I would rank above Alvaro Obregón. I further firmly believe that if he were the leading spirit in the labors of the Washington Conference, the outcome of its deliberations and therefore the course of future events would be very different from what they now seem likely to be. And the world would be all the better.

Parenthetically, it is worth noting that President Obregón has fulfilled all the conditions laid down by President Wilson and the State Department of Washington for recognition. He has undertaken to have the service of the National Debt resumed, to pay compensation for the losses sustained by foreigners during the Revolution, and not to nationalize landed property which belonged to private individuals of other countries when the Constitution of 1917 was adopted. But quite unexpectedly the United States Government has now added a supplementary condition which was unthought of when Mr. Wilson was President. Mr. Hughes, who is an enthusiastic advocate of the 'open door,' asks that Mexico, in order to qualify for recognition, shall sign a special treaty of commerce 'and amity' with the United States. And England and France, who are also champions of the 'open door,' bow acquiescence. Decidedly 'shirt-sleeve diplomacy,' like Providence, is inscrutable. President Obregón has refused to accept this condition, and he could not well do otherwise. In the first place, it runs counter to international precedent, and in the second it is forbidden by the Mexican Constitution, which he has solemnly sworn to observe. To ask him to violate his oath by way of showing that he is trustworthy is a procedure which, despite his many natural gifts, he is wholly incapable of understanding.

The following pages contain a few reflections of President Obregón on the Conference. They were written hurriedly in response to a request for his opinion. I have talked to him many times on the subject and he agrees with

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me that while the limitation of armaments will relieve the taxpayer, it must not be confounded with peace. On the contrary, it presupposes war, and is only a means of rendering war a little cheaper. The abolition of war, according to Obregón, can be attained only by the infusion of a wholly new spirit into the nations which take the lead in world politics. One of the first and most important means to this end is to induce the Press to desist from poisoning public sentiment, from fomenting hatred and discord, and to proclaim the brotherhood of nations and races. There are many ways of winning a predominant position in the world. One is by force of arms; another consists in diplomatic manœuvres, and a third is by money. If the end remains unchanged, it is immaterial what means have been employed to compass it. Thus, whether Japan has been struck off the list of world Powers by diplomatic strategy, by war, or by money, is indifferent to the Japanese people. They believe that they have a mission to fulfill in the Far East. That belief is as firm as is the conviction of the Government of the United States that the English-speaking people of America are the Heaven-sent guides of all the Latin-American peoples. And to compel the Japanese people to decline this mission is to sow the seeds of future wars. To-day they are constrained to give their assent to their elimination just as the Germans were forced to confess that they and they alone are responsible for the World War. But if ever they have an opportunity to win for themselves the place in the world for which they believe themselves qualified, they will certainly fructify it, however incompatible the means which they employ may seem with the engagements into which they are now compelled to enter. And there is probably no people — or let us say no Government — in the world to-day which would act differently. This, however, is my own personal view. President Obregón is responsible only for what follows.

II. General Obregón's Message

Universal disarmament, considered hitherto only as an ideal to the attainment of which many great men have devoted all their efforts, has now become an urgent necessity, no longer to be postponed, for the simple reason that modern armies and the cost of their equipment constitute the heaviest burden under which mankind now staggers. That part of the community which consists of men who work and produce is daily losing strength, wasting its energies and exhausting its patience, because of the undue excess in the number of consumers whose entire activities are devoted to destruction in all its forms. These conditions have produced far-reaching perturbations which, if not speedily remedied, will inevitably lead to a fearful catastrophe.

The only lesson, and this a very costly one, which the World War has unquestionably taught us, is that the age of brute force has vanished for all time, that man's greatest conquests in the future will be effected in the realms of work and science, and that it is indispensable to expend in these fields that vast mental and physical energy which is now being squandered in the training of armies and the production of armaments. Hence, there is no one who does not wholeheartedly support the idea of disarmament, which means the reduction of military forces to the number which is requisite and adequate to en-

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sure internal order and to maintain domestic peace at home.

When dealing with this matter of armaments, however, three important points call for careful consideration: —

(1) Is the relation between the need of disarmament and the present moral standard of mankind what it should and must be if the efforts of the Conference are to be successful?

(2) Is the method chosen, so far as we know it from the scanty information which has been vouchsafed to the world, the shortest cut to the achievement of the noble end in view?

(3) Will the representatives of those peoples who have been invited to discuss this subject set the interests of mankind above those of their respective countries?

Touching the first point, it is clear that the correlate of the suppression of brute force is the attainment by true morality of its real value and influence; its dictates therefore should be accepted as final in defining the rights of all individuals as well as of all nations. The exact definition of such rights cannot, however, be reached until they have been granted to all men, irrespective of race, color, language, and religion, and until it is recognized that all the nations which constitute the human race are entitled to them in equal measure. Therefore, in order that disarmament, when realized, should not become another failure, it is to be hoped that the moral level of each of the peoples of the present generation will prove sufficiently high to recognize and to respect the rights of the others and to limit its demands to the assertion of its own.

In connection with the second point, it is worth noting that a considerable number of nations have not been included in the invitation to participate in a conference which is dealing with such momentous issues and is fraught with far-ranging consequences to the entire human race. For it should not be forgotten that besides disarmament or limitations of armaments, other topics will be discussed which involve radical innovations in the domain of international law. This circumstance lends color to the conjecture that the delegates assembled to tackle these all-important problems do not intend to restrict their means of action to mere argument and suasion when confronted with the task of prevailing upon the countries excluded from the Conference to accept their decision. If this conjecture be grounded, the desired disarmament will be frustrated, or at any rate practically retarded, until such time as the decrees of the Conference have been imposed upon all countries which may be unwilling to comply with them.

As regards the third point, which so deeply affects the welfare of mankind, I feel disposed to believe, and I trust that I am wrong, that the furtherance of the interests of the individual countries now represented at Washington will occupy the foremost place in the arrangements now under discussion. Furthermore, if the problem is carefully scrutinized in its philosophical as well as its historical bearings, there is room for doubt whether, even though disarmament or a limitation of armaments be attained, the moral aims so earnestly desired will also be reached, because we are mistaken if we ascribe to armaments the misfortunes which have had their origin in the evil instincts of men. War requires armaments, it is not armaments that bring about war. In all ages, as far back as mankind is able to trace its history, we find that, in order to wage a war, the only thing needed is men, that is soldiers. Armaments are improvised when war begins, and even though it were possible to suppress all the weapons which the sinister genius of destruction has invented during the

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last few centuries, we should still find man hewing his weapons out of stone, fighting hand to hand, and reverting to the customs prevalent in primitive times.

Nor is that all. If we seek in modern armaments the cause of the fearful carnage of recent wars, it behooves us for a like reason to take into account and condemn the modern means of communication which are decisive factors in battles, enabling nations to transport with rapidity and ease formidable armies to wage war, in many cases against weaker nations. Finally, we should have to condemn much of the good which civilization now enjoys by including that too among the elements of an evil which really has its origin in the human heart and in that only.

If mankind has indeed arrived at the painful conclusion that the parallel lines along which material and moral progress ought to have run have been totally forsaken and that we now find ourselves in a stage of material and moral culture which provides only our own perverted instincts with greater and more perfect means of destruction, then perhaps it is time that this truth, bitter and painful though it be, should find an echo in the consciences of all men, and that we should seek in morality and science a last refuge from ruin and a beacon to direct human activity across new paths; that we should confess the enormity of our errors and recognize that all human beings as well as all nations are entitled to the same rights and are liable to the same duties, and that privileges were first created for their own behoof by those who wielded the brute force with which they destroyed the rights of their fellow men.

Possibly in this mood and in this way we may succeed in bequeathing to future generations a state of things less baneful than that which we are at present attempting to ameliorate.

JAPAN'S SALUTARY DEFEAT

BY DR. S. WASHIO

From the *Japan Advertiser, December* 20
(TOKYO JAPANESE-AMERICAN DAILY)

JAPAN has yielded on almost all questions. She is now making the maximum compromise on the Shantung question. She has apparently waived her insistence on the 70 per cent naval ratio. She has not even tried to incorporate into the Four-Power Agreement what she might have wished if she could have her way. From the beginning her delegates have stood on the defensive and allowed themselves to be attacked in the last line of resistance. They were outgeneraled, outmanœuvred, outplayed, and outwitted. Though the public is half amazed and half indifferent, and officialdom puts up a cheerful front and tries to make as felicitous comments as the circumstances permit, I hear from every quarter the whisper 'We are defeated.' In a technical sense, when the negotiator can't play effectively the trump cards he holds and lets

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his opponents dictate his hand, it is a poor game. The Conference is, perhaps, a failure for Japan in this sense. To say the least, the fight put up by the Japanese delegates has evoked no admiration, not even jealousy, in the eyes of trained observers. Even if it was impossible from the nature of the situation to launch an attack and score, they might at least have lost the game with a more impressive, perhaps a tragic gesture. 'If we knew all that it has come to,' said a certain prominent public man to me, 'we might have started a grand peace offensive instead of timidly waiting for others to take the initiative.'

Whether this remark has any sense at all is another question; but that it expresses the prevailing feeling both in official circles and among the public can scarcely be doubted. This resentment is, however, not bitter. It does not sting, for the very same person who gives vent to this feeling says in the next breath, 'After all, nobody else could have done better.' In this remark there is a sort of philosophic resignation which transmutes the sense of defeat into that of relief. The very man, who says in private that the Four-Power Agreement is a mess of pottage served for Japan in the place of the Anglo-Japanese alliance, does not hesitate to make, without hypocrisy I believe, as felicitous comments on it as he can in the press. For the real motive of such comments is not so much the reliance on the efficacy of the agreement as the conviction that since we have given in we can sleep with easy minds.

Fifteen years ago, for instance, at the time of the Portsmouth Treaty, this nation would have celebrated a day of national shame for a far less provoking cause. But we have changed so much that any attempt of this sort would not create a ripple of interest. Instead, I hear every man saying with an ironical smile, 'It takes foreign interference to reform the Japanese Government.' That Government is stern toward internal agitation of almost any sort but extremely sensitive toward foreign opinions.

The greatest significance of the Washington Conference for Japan, as far as I can judge, is the fact that in it she has taken a decisive step toward the policy of non-obstruction. This policy is no longer a mere intention, but an actual tendency. Some time ago I stated in this column why Japan should under no circumstance fight America. One of the most effective ways to enforce this teaching is to disillusion her of any hope of a successful war. If Germany had known that England would come on the side of France and that America would also be dragged into it, she would never have begun the war.

The abrogation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance forewarns Japan that in the event of a serious position arising between her and America, England will almost certainly use her balance in favor of the latter. With the announcement that the British navy is to transfer its great fleet to the Pacific with Singapore as its base, the control of Far Eastern waters has already passed from the hands of Japan. However fast she builds she can't maintain that control in the fact of this change of the policy of the British navy. It matters little whether she will be allowed 60 or 70 per cent. The Washington Conference has merely clinched an issue which was already apparent without its decision. But its significance cannot be overrated, for it has taught Japan, without imposing the risks of actual war, the great lesson Germany learned by testing her supremacy on the European continent.

With respect to China, Japan is also in very much the same predicament as Germany with respect to Russia. Shan-

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tung was her Brest-Litovsk. And the utmost concession of Japan on the Shantung question will have very much the same effect as the collapse of Germany after the Brest-Litovsk treaty. I do not say that Japan was as aggressive and desperate as Germany. There is a difference in degree, but the significance of the two cases is almost exactly the same. I imagine, therefore, that the policy Japan can pursue in China in the future will be similar to that of Germany in Russia. It is Russia and China alone who can fret and fume and defy, if need be, the whole world. Japan, like Germany, is not in a position to challenge either the Anglo-American coalition or her great potential neighbor. She has to follow, by the sheer necessity of her position, the policy of peace at all costs and on all sides.

Can anybody say that a lesson of such far-reaching significance learned at so trifling a cost is a failure? Japan should, indeed, consider herself fortunate to have passed so peacefully through the crisis which took Europe half a century of frenzied preparation and has left a lasting agony. If Japan keeps this moral victory closely to heart and henceforth bends her whole energy to the improvement of her internal conditions, which are at present really more serious than any foreign problem she is confronted with, she may some day have cause to be thankful for the apparent defeat in the Conference.

At any event, the Conference has brought us no surprise. All things in it, both its pessimistic and optimistic sides, were expected. The pessimist thought it a national calamity and it has, indeed, turned out to be a national calamity in that sense. The resentment on the question of the naval ratio, for instance, will be a lasting scar on our brows if this country is intrinsically strong enough to bid for supremacy or even equality. As her position really is, the prediction of the optimist is more justifiable. The delegates have succeeded, though in a feeble and pathetic manner and with utter lack of eloquence, in laying down our imputed burden of imperialism and militarism. They have, perhaps unconsciously, pointed the only legitimate way this country can henceforth pursue. Though we are included in the Four-Power Agreement and the League of Nations, such mere forms should not blind us to the fact that in truth we are very much in the same position as Germans who are excluded at present from either of the sacred pacts. We are in fact no better off than the Germans, for if Germans suffer under a staggering indemnity we are also suffering from the superabundance of money, which is silently sucking the vitality of this race. After the Conference, let us hope, we shall come to deal squarely with this internal disease. It is hoped that the sense of defeat in international rivalry will hasten the day of internal readjustment. If Japan cannot face this problem with determination, the lesson of the Washington Conference will be entirely lost.

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VALE THE ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE

BY DR. FRIEDRICH ROSEN

[The author, recently Foreign Minister of Germany, is a distinguished Orientalist as well as a diplomat of long service in Asia. He is not to be confused with Baron Roman de Rosen, formerly Russian Ambassador at Washington.]

From *Berliner Tageblatt, December* 18
(BERLIN LIBERAL DAILY)

TWENTY years ago a man who questioned the imminence of a war between England and Russia for the control of Asia ruined his reputation for political sagacity. However, wars are made or averted by men; and a war between England and Russia did not occur in spite of the dangerous tension which Russian expansion produced between the two governments. The colossal empire of the Tsar pressed heavily against every one of its frontiers, and naturally, this pressure was most felt where resistance was weakest. By the Crimean war, England, in alliance with Turkey and other European Powers, checked Russia's expansion southward, destroyed the Russian fleet, and barred the way of the Muscovite to the Mediterranean. Nevertheless, England was not able to prevent a new Russian war of aggression against Turkey in 1877, though she halted the victors at the gates of Constantinople, and once again saved the Sultan's empire from destruction. She could not, however, avert the growing threat to Constantinople from Russia's dependencies, the nominally independent nations of the Balkans. Meanwhile, Russia took from Asiatic Turkey the three provinces of Batum, Kars, and Ardahan. At an earlier date the Tsar had crushed the last independent government of Central Asia and early in the eighties, he subdued or destroyed the Turkomans. This brought Russia to the gates of Persia and Afghanistan, strengthened her influence in Tibet, and threatened England's supremacy in India. Farther East new annexations and new railways marked the Muscovite advance toward the ice-free ports on the Pacific. This threatened not only England, but ambitious and aggressive Japan.

As early as 1895, the latter country, in an effort to anticipate the Russians, fought a war with China and secured possession of the Liaotung Peninsula, including Port Arthur and Dairen. But she was forced to relinquish her booty under pressure from Russia and France, whom Germany quite unnecessarily supported. But when eventually Russia's creeping advance began to engulf Korea, the Island Empire decided to fight single-handed the Russian colossus — a David against a Goliath. Her rulers felt that unless they did fight, their country was doomed to the fate of the other European-Asiatic states, which had already been absorbed by Russia.

However, Japan must be assured of the neutrality of the other Powers before venturing such a war. Her alliance with England furnished this guaranty. This compact obligated England to help Japan in case a third Power aided Russia. The third Power could only mean France, who had to stand practically idle while a nation 'friendly and

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allied' to her was defeated by Japan. The Anglo-Japanese Alliance was concluded early in 1903; the war between Japan and Russia began early in 1904; and Japan had won that war by the beginning of 1905, although some fighting occurred later and peace was not signed until the following autumn. This victory not only guaranteed Japan's independence, but made her a great Asiatic Power. Her alliance with England had accomplished this double result, precisely as Russia's neutrality in 1870 enabled Germany to defeat France and to become the leading military power of Europe. It is a sad fact that national greatness seems to be based on wars. A Japanese statesman once said to me: 'Before we fought our two great wars, you did not take us seriously, in spite of our attainments in the field of art and industry. You admired and imitated our products, but laughed at us personally. You did not respect us until we had shed rivers of blood.'

England profited almost as much as did her ally by Russia's defeat. The Tsar's Empire could not exist without expansion; but precisely the reverse was true of England. Great Britain was sated with territory. She wanted no new possessions. She wished only to keep and secure what she already had. But Russia would not permit this. Following the war between Russia and Turkey, it took all the political art of Bismarck, acting as an honest broker at the Berlin Congress, to curb Russia's land hunger. Petrograd never forgave him and his successors for that fact. Wherever Russian and British interests collided thereafter, as in Persia and Afghanistan, the Tsar's officers and officials contemptuously disregarded the representatives of Great Britain, even when they were bound by written agreement to consult them. A defeat was necessary to make Russia tractable. England accomplished this by letting Japan fight in her place.

Even during the Portsmouth Peace Conference, Russia began to receive more consideration from its former rival, and immediately afterward — early in 1906 — Great Britain began to court the latter country, sending Sir Arthur Nicholson as her Ambassador to Petrograd. London financed Russian loans, and on August 31, 1907, a formal Anglo-Russian Treaty was signed, delimiting the respective spheres of influence of both countries in Asia. Like the earlier agreement with France regarding Egypt and Morocco, this understanding led to an *entente cordiale*, and finally to a virtual alliance. In the spring of 1914, Great Britain and Russia were negotiating a naval convention. During the World War, these intimacies automatically became a military union. This was the valuable fruit which England gathered from her alliance with Japan.

An alliance between two nations has no meaning and cannot permanently exist unless it is directed against a third power. A French premier once remarked to me, in discussing some new international understanding: '*Il faut toujours que cela soit dirigé contre quelqu'un.*' With the disappearance of the common enemy — Russia — the Anglo-Japanese Alliance was deprived of a motive. But it was kept up none the less because things often survive their original usefulness; and because England now had her eye on Germany, and Japan had her eye on America, as the next one to fight.

Since Germany has been eliminated from the war-making Powers, only the United States remains. But Great Britain would not fight America to please Japan; indeed she expressly stated this in the renewed alliance. That provision deprived the pact of all real vitality. Its formal termination is a

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relatively unimportant gesture. Nevertheless the Government of the United States wished to have the Anglo-Japanese Alliance erased from the list of international agreements. That was beyond doubt an implied condition in the tacit understanding between America and England which preceded the Washington Conference. Still the British were puzzled to discover some polite way of indicating this to the Japanese, in view of the great advantages Great Britain had received from Japan's friendship and support. At first the British press suggested that Japan must be compensated by extensive privileges in China; but Washington obstinately opposed that suggestion. Even the Shantung railway, which Germany built, and which Japan took over in the World War, is to go back to China, though naturally for a price. The Americans show no disposition to leave the Japanese a free hand in the broad territories of the Chinese Republic. They fear an eventual union of the Mongolian race, the leavening of the Chinese hordes by Japanese militarism, and an eventual conflict which may imperil America's position in Asia and the Pacific, and perhaps even on its own continent. Such fears may be exaggerated, but they exist, or at least they are used as a political argument.

Therefore, Japan is not to be compensated for her lost alliance by permission to continue a peaceful penetration of China, such as France has accomplished in Morocco. The Conference has hit upon the device of the so-called Four-Power Agreement, by which the three nations chiefly interested in Eastern Asia — America, England, and Japan — with France as a fourth party, have reached a provisional understanding regarding their territorial possessions and privileges in the Pacific. They guarantee each other their present territories, and obligate themselves to settle by diplomacy any complications which may arise among themselves. With the ratification of this agreement, the alliance renewed between Great Britain and Japan on July 13, 1911, automatically ceases to exist.

So we see the East Asiatic Dual Alliance supplanted after a fashion by an East Asiatic Quadruple Alliance. But this is only the form assumed by the Washington settlement; its essence consists in restricting Japanese expansion in China and in limiting naval armaments; two things which America is now in a position to dictate to her partners. Washington has unquestionably won a remarkable diplomatic success, for unless unforeseen events change the situation, the American Government has, by this bold and clearly thought-out manœuvre, avoided a great war, which would have cost the world an untold amount in blood and money. America has not attained, perhaps, all that she hoped to secure; but the Americans have every reason to be well content, and to regard the future with confidence.

The Anglo-Japanese Alliance existed less than nineteen years; but during that short period, it has had an important influence upon political history. It was formed to make a war possible; it was terminated to prevent a war.

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HOW THE BOLSHEVIKI CAPTURED THE WINTER PALACE

BY O. DZENIS

From the *Fourth Anniversary Number*, Moscow *Pravda*, *November* 6
(BOLSHEVIST OFFICIAL PROPAGANDA DAILY)

SEVERAL days before the November revolution, commissaries of the Petrograd Soviet were placed in all the important units of the garrison of the capital by order of the Military-Revolutionary Committee. Their duties were to prepare the detachments to carry out the *coup-d'état*, to command these detachments in actual operations, and to defeat the measures and orders of the Staff of the Petrograd Military District. Most of these commissaries were young officers who were members of the military organization attached to the Bolshevist Central Committee. These Bolshevist officers had been implicated in the uprising of July 3–5, but had been released from prison under parole. I was detailed to the Pavlovsk Guard regiment.

The days passed quickly. Delegates to the Second Congress of Soviets were arriving at the capital. After the conference of the active workers of the Petrograd branch on October 30 and 31, it was clear to all that a *coup-d'état* was inevitable, and that we must prepare for it. This conviction was in the mind of every soldier, and all eyes were directed to the opening of the Congress. Meetings were held in all the regiments, where Bolshevist delegates who had come to attend the Congress were the principal speakers. The day immediately preceding the revolution was one of great strain and anticipation.

The Provisional Government, realizing that the opening of the Second Congress of Soviets would be accompanied by an armed attempt to seize political power, surrounded the Winter Palace by loyal troops, consisting of several detachments of cadets, the women's battalion of death, three hundred Cossacks, and a battery from the Mikhailovsky School. On the evening of November 5, in order to impede communication in various parts of the city, and particularly to cut the central portions of the city from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the Government gave the order that the bridges be opened.

We received our first news of this from comrades who came to our staff headquarters. Half an hour later, our patrols reported that the troops of the Provisional Government were approaching the bridge nearest to us. We ordered one of the companies to occupy the bridge, which was done immediately. Some time later, a battery of armored automobiles took the place of our troops.

There was general excitement, which constantly increased. At nine o'clock that evening I sent out patrols to report what was going on in the streets surrounding us. By eleven o'clock one of the patrols reported a large number of automobiles coming from the direction of the Winter Palace. Then orders were given to stop all automobiles, examine the documents of their occupants, and arrest those who seemed suspicious.

Five minutes after the order was given, a patrol brought to the regimental

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club, which had been transformed into our staff headquarters, a middle-aged man in civilian clothes. He was in an automobile which was stopped by my patrols. When I examined his documents, he proved to be Lieutenant-Colonel Surnin, Chief of the Intelligence Division of the Petrograd District Staff. We sent him immediately to the Smolny to report to the Revolutionary Committee.

No sooner had he been sent off, than two other men were brought in, the Minister of Religion Kartashoff and one of the Assistant Ministers of Finance. We were at a loss as to what to do with them. The Revolutionary Committee persistently neglected our request for instructions; apparently its members were too busy. So I decided that since we had begun the arrests, we might as well continue. The two Ministers were also sent to the Smolny in charge of the chairman of the regimental committee. After that, however, we sent very few to the Smolny; there were too many coming in. The less important prisoners were set free again; the important ones, particularly the staff officers, were put into a hastily improvised detention cell.

We were still waiting for instructions from the Revolutionary Committee. Finally two notes were brought in, both signed by Comrade Podvoysky, the President of the Committee. The first note informed us that the Committee was very much pleased with the arrest of Lieutenant-Colonel Surnin. The second note was a surprise to us. We were informed that orders had not as yet been issued for beginning operations, and that consequently the arrest of such prominent persons as the Ministers of the Provisional Government was apt to alarm our opponents prematurely. Since the operations were not expected to begin in earnest until the following day, we were asked to make no further arrests and not to interfere further with the traffic of the streets which we patrolled.

However, the fact that our patrols reported active preparations for battle among the Government troops made us disobey the instructions of the Revolutionary Committee. We continued to stop all persons and automobiles coming from the direction of the Palace and to arrest those who seemed suspicious. The prisoners were placed in our temporary detention cell. By midnight there were over two hundred prisoners. But the comrades were not satisfied with merely arresting civilians and officers riding in automobiles. They insisted on removing the cadet patrols, which the commanders of the Government troops had placed in the neighboring streets. We were forced to permit this, insisting, however, that there be no firing without provocation.

Here is an example of how that was done. A patrol of two cadets stood on guard about thirty paces from our post, on the Millionnaya. Three of our soldiers approached them cautiously from behind and suddenly startled them by shouting, 'Hands up! Drop your rifles!' Both were taken prisoners. Several patrols were removed in this fashion.

By two o'clock I received written instructions from the Revolutionary Committee to place patrols in all the streets of my section, and to stop all vehicles and passers-by. But the order came too late to be of any use. The people in the Winter Palace had already discovered what was up, and no person of importance left the Palace after that.

The following morning I went to the headquarters of the Revolutionary Committee to assist in working out the plan of operations. There I learned that we were not the only ones who had opened operations the night before. A

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battle took place at the central telephone station; since a detachment of cadets had occupied it and proceeded promptly to disconnect all the telephone lines, except those which were needed by the Government. The Revolutionary Committee thereupon ordered the station seized, and also that patrols be placed along the streets.

On November 6, at 11 o'clock in the morning, the plan of operations had been worked out. It was decided to surround the Winter Palace and the Palace Square and to contract the ring thus formed by slow pressure. Thereupon the field commissaries immediately left for their posts.

The Pavlovsk and the Keksholmsk regiments were ordered to carry out these operations. In addition to them, the Revolutionary Committee detailed for the siege operations two companies from the Preobrazhensky regiment, 800 Red Guards, a sanitary detachment, two armored cars, and two mounted 37-mm. guns.

Soon after these troops had taken their designated positions, Comrades Podvoysky and Eremeyev arrived from the Revolutionary Committee to take command. Comrade Podvoysky stated to us in detail the final plan of operations. The Provisional Government was to be given a fifteen-minute ultimatum to surrender. A flag was to be raised over the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul when the ultimatum was delivered and was to be hauled down fifteen minutes later, which would be the signal for action. Then the fortress and the cruiser Aurora would begin to bombard the Palace. However, this plan was not carried out in its entirety.

There was a great deal of activity on the Square, for the cadets were constructing barricades in front of the gates.

It so happened, too, that the only battery of artillery which was at the disposal of the Government took no part in its defense. The commissary attached to this battery was an anarchist, which fact, however, was not known to the Government. At four o'clock in the afternoon, when the Palace was already surrounded by our troops, the commissary ordered the battery to move in the direction of the General Staff building. His order, given in the name of the Provisional Government, was obeyed, and the battery moved to the left, in the direction of the Moyka, where it ran straight into our lines. Not protected by infantry, the battery could not offer any resistance, and its crews surrendered. They were immediately disarmed and sent over to the Viborg side. As soon as this fact became known, there was great jubilation among our troops, for we knew that after that the Government did not have a single cannon left at its disposal.

The attack began soon after and continued in a rather disorderly fashion. At seven o'clock a Cossack appeared from the Palace with a white flag and an offer of surrender from the Cossack troops, stating that they had become convinced that they were deceived. All they asked was that their arms should not be taken away from them, since that would be a lasting disgrace. We hesitated at first, fearing some treachery. Finally, however, we agreed, and the Cossack detachments marched to the river front. An armored car was hidden in one of the side streets, and it followed the Cossack detachments as far as their barracks. As the Cossacks were leaving, the besiegers offered the women's battalion the privilege of surrendering also, but received in reply shouts, 'We'll die before we surrender.'

By eight o'clock, the Government troops were forced to retreat from the General Staff building to the Palace itself. With a group of twelve or fifteen

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comrades, I rushed into the building. We found a number of cadets who were hastily disconnecting telephones. Five minutes later our troops opened fire on the building. The cadets continued to defend the building until, seeing the concentration of our troops from the side of the Square, they retreated to the Palace.

As it appeared later on, the loss of this building and the gradual contraction of the ring of besiegers rapidly demoralized the cadet detachments. Many of them began to waver, for they realized that they would be executed if they really had to surrender, which already began to appear inevitable. Gradually we began to fight our way into the Palace itself. Men from the Pavlovsk regiment and sailors were the first to get in through the windows on the Hermitage side. The cadets disputed with us every room through which we had to pass, but were slowly pushed back toward the main entrance. Sometimes we would clear a room simply by an attack; sometimes we had to open fire or throw ahead a hand grenade or two. At this point the courage of the women's battalion and of some of the cadet detachments gave way. The women's battalion surrendered very soon. There were 141 of them, and after being disarmed, they were sent to the barracks of the grenadier regiment. Then other troops began to surrender.

As soon as the cadet detachments at the main entrance were overpowered, Comrade Antonoff-Avseyenko entered the Palace. He had come from the Revolutionary Committee with special instructions to arrest the members of the Provisional Government. Several other members of the Revolutionary Committee were also among our troops while the attack was in progress. Their urgent task consisted in reintroducing order among the troops, who had been thrown entirely out of order by the character of the operations.

It did not take long to arrest the Provisional Government. Soon its members began to be brought out to the Square. Almost all were there, with the notable exception of Kerensky. Minister Kishkin, as he was clambering over a barricade under guard, got his foot caught and fell over, his legs flourishing in the air. A huge crowd immediately surrounded the barricade. There were shouts and threats on all sides; demands for the immediate execution of the Ministers. The sailors who guarded the arrested Ministers assured them that they would come to no harm. I remember distinctly how Tereshcheno kept saying to the sailors, in a weak, trembling voice, 'I believe . . . I believe that you will do us no harm.'

The Ministers were taken to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul, the procession, as it marched along the Millionnaya, being headed by Comrade Antonoff-Ovseyenko. A howling, threatening crowd followed. A few shots were heard somewhere to one side, resounding through the darkness. In front of the Hermitage the crowd halted the convoy and demands that the prisoners be lynched on the spot became more insistent. The guards had great difficulty in keeping off the crowd. The presence of the representative of the Revolutionary Committee helped to mollify the mob, and the procession moved on in the direction of the Troitsky bridge, while the crowd still followed it with sinister shouts.

Order was gradually reëstablished on the Palace Square and patrols were placed. By morning, the troops returned to their barracks, the spectators to their homes.

And the same thought was in every mind: 'We have captured the Government. How are things going to turn out now?'

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THE OLD MAN WITH THE GOLDEN BUTTERFLY

BY MARGIT VESZI

From *Pester Lloyd, December* 21
(BUDAPEST GERMAN-HUNGARIAN DAILY)

I MADE the acquaintance of the old man with the golden butterfly in the following way.

One winter morning, when the sun shone, bright and dazzling, but a keen wind brought stinging messages from the snow-capped Alban Hills, we were returning from the Campo dei Fiori, where every Wednesday itinerant antiquaries display their varied wares in a picturesque profusion, which throws naïve tourists and other foreigners into an ecstasy of rapture and tempts five times the proper price from their pockets. Fat proprietors of the most expensive and fashionable antiquary shops along the Corso, disguise themselves in shabby clothes, and sit laughing slyly at each other as their simple customers lug off contentedly great packages of imaginary bargains. I have known every piece displayed there for years. Many of the sellers greeted me by name, and winked ironically while they cajoled some English or American woman into buying, at an exorbitant price, a 'guaranteed genuine' antique. This was no place to waste our time; so we strolled down to the bank of the Tiber in search of the Florentine picture frame which we were seeking.

We did not find what we wanted at three places where we called on the lower side of the street along the Quay. At length we stopped in front of a junk shop into which I had never ventured. Its glass door was so cluttered with horrible tasteless articles that I could get no glimpse of the interior. All I saw was a screen of belt buckles, fans, dilapidated opera glasses, rusty spurs, and the like. Suddenly the door burst open and a trembling, shrill, but peculiarly powerful voice was audible inside shouting: '*Fuori!*' (Get out!)

And who was coming out? A tall, elegant, old gentleman and his wife emerged, half angry, half laughing, from the shop. I recognized them as a well-known Neapolitan prince and his wife. Who could have presumed to drive out thus unceremoniously people of this high standing? Curiosity impelled me to enter and investigate.

We stepped into the shop. The long, narrow room was so dark that it was a moment before our unaccustomed eyes detected the details of the interior. Then they were greeted by an inconceivable accumulation of crazy articles piled everywhere in the utmost confusion — old paintings, broken washbasins, good Roman bronzes, torn gloves, wonderfully worked altar cloths, battered cuspidors. A perfect jungle of objects hung from the ceiling or was heaped on the floor, one thing stuck into another — a madman's accumulation of rubbish.

In the midst of all this stood an unforgettable figure, a gruesome character out of some dance of death, a hateful caricature of venerable old age. He was an exceedingly ancient man with a white beard and a thousand trembling wrinkles of hate and impatience furrowing his face. On his head was a red-satin cap, embroidered with gold and glittering green roses, and perched on top, teetering lightly to one side, was a

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gigantic butterfly of golden tulle. It was a butterfly with long, golden antennæ, a graceful, brilliant thing which teetered up and down merrily.

We stood stiff and speechless. The old man of the golden butterfly croaked raspingly at us: —

'What do you want here? There's nothing for you here.'

My eyes detected in the obscurity of the farther recesses of the shop a pile of beautifully carved Florentine picture frames. I explained with a stutter that we would like to examine them and buy one. The old man fairly shrieked with irritation: —

'What? You want to sneak off my picture frames? You want to rob me so I'll have nothing in my old age? So this beast will inherit more money? Get out! Out with you!'

We now noticed for the first time the poor 'beast.' She was a young woman of about twenty-seven, with bright, black, terrified eyes and pale cheeks. Standing silently behind his back, she motioned to us to leave and crept up to the door. We tried to explain again that we would be willing to pay a good price for a frame if he would only permit us to examine them closer. But it did no good. 'Get out! Get out!' was his only answer. What did the man keep a shop for if he would n't sell anything? We departed indignantly. As we stepped through the door, the 'beast' whispered to us quickly and softly: —

'Come some time after dinner when it's bad weather. He's more likely to talk with you then.'

Soon we were laughing over our adventure, and had half forgotten the old man with the golden butterfly. However, several months later, I was driving along the Tiber about two in the afternoon when I suddenly recalled the 'beast's' advice. I told my coachman to stop in front of the shop. The old man did n't recognize me, but the woman nodded pleasantly. I was permitted to look around, after promising faithfully not to touch anything and not to buy much. I found just the picture frame I wanted and asked the price. The old man named a fairly high figure which I did not venture at first to question. Thereupon the woman stepped behind him and raised her fingers. Smiling maliciously, she indicated the proper price for me to offer. I hesitated and then mentioned it. The old man grumbled a little, but the fingers of the 'beast' kept telling me not to change my bid. The frame eventually became mine, together with two wonderfully beautiful teacups, which I fished out of the junk and secured, thanks to the deaf-and-dumb language of the woman, at a very reasonable price.

Thousands of old books bound in leather and vellum lay heaped in the dark recesses of the shop. I did not dare to touch them. While the old man was hunting for a piece of paper with which to wrap up my purchases, the 'beast' whispered quickly: —

'Signora, never marry an old man, for he'll surely outlive you. I married this demon when he was seventy years old, and I have been his wife for ten years now. He does n't let me out of this hole for a second. He has not been on the streets for more than fifty years. When I see his golden butterfly, my stomach turns with hatred. What can I do? I help customers and smash whatever I can. . . .'

Just then the old man hobbled back, darting us a sharp suspicious glance. Not on the street for fifty years? How could that be possible? I began to comment cautiously upon the sights of Rome. The old man's head shook with anger and excitement until the butterfly danced madly.

'Rome? Rome? What do I care for Rome? Rome's dead for me — dead

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fifty years! Since my ruler, the Holy Father, no longer leaves the Vatican, I have put the accursed city from my thoughts. Until he is liberated, I shall never set my foot in this Sodom.'

So that was it. I let him ramble on, listening with interest, and our friendship started then and there. Henceforth, I was a welcome visitor, and bought many beautiful articles with the help of the finger talk of the woman, amused at times to witness distinguished would-be customers driven away by the old man's angry: 'Get out!' Indeed, he often threatened them with his stick. Little by little, I so won his confidence that he showed me the contents of several boxes and chests of drawers: valuable coins, wonderfully carved Gothic crucifixes, cameos of untold value; but he would sell nothing of that sort: —

'I have to think of my old age. Today I am still active. It will be so until I'm well past eighty. But what will become of me later when I am still older?'

His wife, who was standing a little behind him, raised both arms with a gesture of despair, as if to say: 'Still older! Oh, my God!'

Then came the war. When I returned after the Armistice one of my first visits was to the little shop on the Tiber bank. The 'beast' alone met me. Her cheeks were rosy and she was lively and merry.

'Where's your husband?' Her countenance clouded instantly.

'Just imagine, Signora, he's still alive. He's been upstairs bedridden for two years, but he's still alive. He lies there with the golden butterfly on his head and abuses me. He had pneumonia; he is already eighty-six years old, and still torments me.'

What answer could I make? I bought a few things and asked the price. The 'beast' demanded four times as much as the articles were worth. I said with surprise: 'If you were still standing behind his back how much would you make it with your fingers?'

She smiled without embarrassment. 'You see I'm selling now for myself. I give only part of the money to the old man. The rest I am keeping. You can't tell. He's still fairly strong, and may get well. But I've got to have some money in my possession; for eventually I hope to marry again some decent young fellow. That's not easy unless you have money.'

She turned on an electric light with evident pride. Her husband had always shut up his shop at sunset, because he could not endure 'frivolous inventions of a degenerate age' like electricity. She pointed out with evident satisfaction this great improvement. 'When he's gone for good and all, *Signora mia*, you'll see that I'll make something of a shop of this place.'

The next year I came back to Rome. At once the remarkable couple came to my mind, and I hastened to the Tiber bank to call upon the 'beast.' A rough 'Get out!' met my ears, as I pushed open the door. The old man was standing there again, supported on two crutches, but quite erect, and the golden butterfly on his head was dancing more wildly than ever.

Happily for me he recalled me, and extended his hand kindly: —

'Your country has been fighting Italy, but what do I care for that? You did n't fight my ruler, the Holy Father, and nothing else matters.' I looked about me. Nothing had changed except that the electric light was gone. The bulbs had been removed from the sockets. I had a presentiment of evil.

'How's your wife?' I asked hesitatingly. The butterfly fairly shivered in sympathy with his anger.

'What is she doing? She's upstairs; locked up for the past ten months, ever

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since I got well. She was delighted to be rid of me for two years. She sold some of my finest articles. She dishonored my shop with her cursed frivolous modern improvements, electric lights, and all that. Now I've got her up there tight behind lock and key. Do you know what that beast presumed to do? Every day she hid under her mattress part of the money she took in. Every day, as soon as she left her room, I counted it over, and when I was well enough to come down to the shop again, I confiscated the whole sum, several fine thousands. God, how I laughed when she hunted everywhere for it, and did n't dare to say a word. How I laughed!' And he chuckled with senile malice until the butterfly tossed and teetered.

I often came back and always found him alone. In the back of the room I discovered many chests, the contents of which were carefully guarded. However, I secured a peek into them later by stratagem. I used to put the old man's crutches at some distance from him, as if by accident, so that he could not follow me quickly. That gave me a chance to look at his wonderful Brussels and Venetian laces; and I even managed, after long pleading, to make him sell a few.

I also had an opportunity to glance through his books of old engravings, and to pick out several that I wanted before the old man found his crutches and discovered me. After I had once made a selection, he would sell me what I desired promptly and at a cheap price. One day he welcomed me merrily with the remark: —

'You need n't bother to hide my crutches any more. You can examine things and pick out what you wish. I'll sell anything you want.'

I stared at him in amazement. What could have happened? But he rattled on before I could inquire: —

'Yes, you see, Signora, I need money. Since my wife is locked away upstairs, a very pretty, dear, little girl has been coming into the shop now and then. She's really a good honest girl. To make things short, I have taken a fancy to her. When my wife dies some day I am going to marry her. That beast won't last forever. She's already thirty-three years old, and sickly. She's thin and pale, does n't eat, and seldom speaks. So it will be soon over, and then I'll marry that bright, nice girl. Now she does n't like this old rubbish. She likes pretty clothes and they cost money; so I'm willing to sell anything that you want.'

Just then the door opened and two Scandinavians entered hesitatingly. The old man hobbled courteously toward them. 'Step in, step right in!' He bowed so low that the golden butterfly on his embroidered red-satin skullcap seemed to flutter with joy. It even seemed to be poising itself for flight.

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ON THE EVE OF THE TRAGEDY. VI

TAKE JONESCU'S NARRATIVE

[Take Jonescu, chief of the Conservative Democratic Party of Rumania, is one of the most brilliant and best-informed statesmen of Europe. He is intimately familiar with nearly every capital of the Continent, and personally acquainted with most of the men who have played a prominent part in them.]

From *La Revue de France, January* 1
(Paris Literary and Political Semi-Monthly)

On July 9, 1914, before leaving for England, which I was accustomed to visit once or twice a year, I took leave of the King at his summer residence in Sinaia.

'I fear,' I said to the King, 'that my vacation may be shortened considerably.'

'How so?' asked the King.

'Because of Austria's puzzling attitude. She seems to be meditating something against Serbia.'

'You know very well,' replied King Charles, 'that Austria cannot decide that question alone. Had it depended on her we should have had war in 1912 or 1913. Germany, who stopped her then, will stop her now. I can trust you with an important secret. William II sent word to me recently by one of his most trusted agents, that though he has been a patron of peace for many years he is at last determined to fight; that this decision is forced upon him by the state of Europe and the state of Germany. But he wants to postpone the war for three years, and not fight before that time. The remarkable character of this communication, and the eminence of the person who was charged with it, forbid my suspecting for a single instance the Kaiser's sincerity. We still have two years to breathe. We have time to prepare for the conflict, to reorganize our army, and above all, to reëquip our artillery.'

The sincerity of the old sovereign, who was loyalty and rectitude itself, was beyond doubt. Probably the Kaiser, anxious to give him a hint, tried to put him on his guard without letting out the whole secret.

I made my visit to England, returning Saturday evening, August 1, in time to take part in the great Crown Council at Sinaia, on Monday, August 3. All the members of Bratiano's Liberal Cabinet, former premiers, and chiefs of parties, assembled, with the King presiding in person. We were a solemn gathering in the simple but charming royal villa.

A well-known English proverb says, 'Every child who is born alive must be a Liberal or a Conservative.' Formerly every young man of good family in England did belong to one of these two parties. It is somewhat the same in Rumania. Our public men come from the same classes; owners of large and medium estates, the upper bourgeoisie, and the liberal professions; but since in my country the number of candidates for office is always much larger than the number of offices, two big parties have not sufficed. But though we have our political quarrels, and they are sometimes violent, our public men, coming from the same social classes, meet in the same circles, dine around the same tables, and intermarry without regard to party affiliation.

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King Charles was a grand old man, always in uniform, always with a line of decorations across the breast of his tunic; with a noble brow, brilliant, intelligent eyes, and a long white beard which gave his countenance an expression of venerable kindliness. During a private audience at his palace in Bucharest, three years before, he spent two hours describing to me, with marvelous precision, clearness, and abundance of detail, the leading events of his reign, then approaching half a century in duration. We sat in a vast lofty salon, resembling the nave of a church, paneled with hard wood, with bookshelves all along the wall. He spoke slowly, deliberately, in perfect French, describing historical characters whom he had known intimately: Napoleon III, who had attended his baptism, and thanks to whom he had become a candidate for the Rumanian throne, King William of Prussia, who later became Emperor of Germany, Bismarck, the Tsar of Russia, and the Grand Duke Nicholas. His precision, his forceful gestures, and his manner of speaking betrayed the soldier; but his words were weighty with reflection and mature wisdom. I realized that I was conversing with a man drilled by long and incessant discipline to weigh not only his acts but his words, to control himself constantly, to leave nothing to impulse — a man whom this self-discipline had given an iron will and extraordinary vigor of thought, in spite of his seventy-two years.

Next to the King at our council ranked the Premier, Jean Bratiano. He was a man of finely chiseled, regular features, very pale, with a pointed beard, curly silvery hair, and the head of an artist — of a painter, sculptor, or musician. He was graceful in manner, gesture, and speech; a persuasive man, acting and speaking with wonderful ease and charm. He gave the impression of a person to whom life had been kind; all that he had been called upon to do was to steer his bark with the current. None the less, his apparent nonchalance covered an energetic will, keen powers of observation, a reflective mind, and love of labor and of combat. He was inclined to pass from particular facts to general ideas. He was a brilliant conversationalist, apt at seizing the proper word and the most applicable figure of speech.

The oldest of our statesmen, then seventy-six years of age, was M. Carp, a man of vigorous and almost coarse features. I was intimately associated with him in 1911, and found him a man of power, force, and determination. He affected a certain brusqueness of gesture and speech. When I called on him, I observed a large portrait of William II occupying the place of honor in his study. He was then, as he was to remain all his days, the most pro-German of the Rumanians. He did not conceal this fact. He was constantly quoting Bismarck's sayings. He had studied that statesman's life and policies minutely. The shade of the Great Chancellor certainly visited him more than once in his dreams. Like the latter, he was a man fond of raillery and of blunt and cynical speech. His enemies asserted that he would sacrifice his portfolio to a *bon mot*. He was wont to say aloud what most men think only to themselves.

When, at that earlier interview, I chanced to mention the Triple Alliance, for which he had deep sympathy, he replied bluntly: —

'It is not only our right, but our duty to foster close relations with Germany and Austria. We have no desire to make conquests. Our territories are broad enough; they will easily support twice the eight million people they maintain to-day. If we want room for expansion we have it here at home; we

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need only settle our own land, without adventures abroad. Above all, we need peace. That is why we turn to the Triple Alliance, which stands in Europe for the maintenance of the *status quo*.'

I observed quietly, that perhaps his watch was running a little slow. 'If there is any Power,' I said, 'that is likely to disturb the *status quo* in Eastern Europe, it is not Russia but Austria. That country risked starting serious trouble when she annexed Bosnia and Herzegovina.'

He replied that Austria had the right to annex Bosnia, and that in any case Rumania was not affected by that act.

I then mentioned the Rumanians of Transylvania. He did not seem greatly concerned about them. He said carelessly: —

'You know there are a lot of ambitious young fellows in every country who court popularity by flattering chauvinism and exciting national passions. Such men are ready advocates for the Transylvanians. But I tell you, we want to do just one thing: maintain the best possible relations with Austria-Hungary.'

He was certainly a vigorous, combative, obstinate old man, headstrong as the devil, wrapped up in his own ideas, determined not to yield an inch, fearing naught from the great changes which might occur. On the whole, a frank, bold fellow. That explains the great influence he exercised in my country.

Compared with this threatening and thundering old man, I felt like a youngster.

Alexander Marghiloman, leader of the old Conservative Party, was of distinguished appearance and manners, dry, precise, distant, and a little cold. His side whiskers and shaven lips gave his face something of the severity of a prosecuting attorney. He was a man who commanded the respect of his opponents. He always weighed scrupulously both sides of a question, and never permitted an impulse to sweep him off his feet. He never trusted to the inspiration of the moment. No matter how critical an emergency might be, he counted carefully his divisions and batteries, and figured deliberately the chances of success. He compared and checked statistics, debated every side of the case, assumed that this or that might happen, and finally — calculated wrong.

The King was seated halfway down the table, and directly opposite him sat Premier Bratiano. The rest of us occupied any place that chanced to be convenient. Then the monarch, deeply moved and making no effort to conceal his emotion, spoke: —

'Gentlemen, I have asked you to come here in order to decide with your counsel a matter of the utmost seriousness, affecting the honor, the future, and even the existence of Rumania. Hitherto our conversation has been in Rumanian; but French is a language of such precision and clarity, that I suggest we make an exception in this case and hold our proceedings in that language.' Then he rose, and with growing emotion read a short set speech.

Gentlemen: We are bound by formal engagements to the Powers of the Triple Alliance — to Austria, Germany, and Italy. The treaties lie before me on the table. I invite any of you who may not be familiar with their contents to read them. Each stipulates that in case either of the two contracting parties is attacked without provocation by two other Powers, that the other party to the contract is obligated to come to the assistance of the attacked party, with all his armed forces. Now I have received an explicit request from the two Kaisers, insisting in the most urgent manner that, pursuant to these treaties, I join them in the war. I shall listen to their appeals. We are obliged so to act by our

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honor as well as by our interests. The slightest delay may prove fatal. I have information upon which I place the utmost reliance that the war will be very short, and that Germany will win. Beyond question that country will win a speedy and a crushing victory. I ask you to endorse my policy of intervention, and I beg each of you to state frankly his opinion.

The King knew from his conversation the previous evening with the members of his cabinet and with myself, that a majority of the leaders of the country — in fact almost all of them — were opposed to Rumania's entering the war. That was the reason for his agitation, his deep emotion, his covert resentment.

One of the gentlemen present observed that the members of the cabinet should first be heard. Thereupon Premier Bratiano spoke. He said bluntly and emphatically that he opposed intervention. He added that the sentiment of the country would not permit a different policy. Another member of the cabinet, Emile Costinesco, expressed the same thought in most energetic terms.

Then came the turn of the opposition. Old Carp supported the King. He wanted us to enter war immediately on the side of Germany and Austria. Alexander Marghiloman, supported by the leaders of his party, particularly Jean Lahovary, was of a different opinion. He recommended delaying a decision, adopting a policy of watchful waiting, so as to keep our hands free to use the situation to our best advantage.

Thereupon I and one of my associates, Dissesco, expressed the opinion that Rumania should declare its neutrality. I said, 'No treaty obligates us to come to the aid of the Central Powers, since they are the ones who, instead of being attacked, have brought about the war. We have proof of that in Italy, which, though in precisely the same situation as ourselves, has declared neutrality.'

In fact that very day the Italian Minister had communicated his Government's declaration of neutrality to us.

The King became increasingly agitated. He exclaimed: —

'Very well. I must tell you frankly that the policy you approve is tantamount to Rumania's suicide. It is my duty to decline all responsibility for the results, so far as I am officially concerned. I shall trust to the future to prove that I am right. In order that the future may judge me and judge you, the statement I have just made to you will be included in the records of this meeting.'

He hesitated as he pronounced the last words. The old sovereign really contemplated abdication; he had even drafted a formal statement to that effect. But in view of the determined attitude taken by statesmen in power, he did not go to that extreme. He limited himself to a vague protest.

All that remained for us to do was to edit the minutes and to draft a reply to the two Kaisers. A little committee consisting of the Premier, Marghiloman, and myself, withdrew to a neighboring room for this purpose. A reply had already been drafted by the cabinet. This draft began with a reference to the sentiment of the country, which, it said, absolutely forbade Rumania's entering the war. I vigorously opposed this statement, considering that it was not sufficiently definite and plain. I said: 'The essential point is, are we or are we not obligated by our treaties? If we were, we should fulfill them regardless of public opinion. A government worthy of the name is master of public opinion, instead of its slave. But we are not obligated either by law or by duty, since the Central Powers are wholly responsible for the war. That is what we should put first in

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our reply. We should add that we refuse to intervene, and proclaim our neutrality.'

The word neutrality, which I desired, was not used in the document. But it was modified to comply essentially with my ideas in all other respects.

The King wanted us all to stay for dinner; but we excused ourselves.

A few days later I had an audience with the King. It was just when the Germans were marching headlong upon Paris. The sovereign said: —

'You see how accurate my information and my foresight were. The war will not last more than a few weeks. Early in September, William II will make his formal entry into Paris. There will be a revolution in France, as always happens in that country after a defeat. In that case, William will declare Prince Victor Napoleon either King or Emperor. He will not take much territory from France; but he will take its navy and colonies. After that he will swing around with all his forces against Russia. He will crush that country in a moment, and enter St. Petersburg and Moscow in triumph.'

'Sire,' I replied, 'suppose France is conquered. I know the spirit of the nation too well to believe for an instant that she will accept a sovereign from the hands of her conquerors. Certainly not a Napoleon.'

We then discussed the general situation. Our conversation turned to Belgium. The King had received the Belgian Minister rather coolly the previous evening, so I seized the occasion to say: —

'There is one King, at least, who has already won a glorious place in history.'

'Who is that?' asked the King.

'Your nephew, the King of Belgium, who has sacrificed all to honor; who has respected the sanctity of treaties.'

However, each day brought reports of new German victories. Then suddenly, on September 5, these stopped. One day, two days, three days passed without the Germans trumpeting their success. This silence seemed strange. We received the impression that the German armies had been checked.

M. Blondelle, the Minister of France, had remained at Bucharest, in order to be nearer the telegraphs, instead of following the sovereign to Sinaia. This action somewhat surprised the King, who observed good-humoredly: 'To whom does the French Minister imagine himself accredited? To me or to my people?'

The worse the news became for France, the more cordial and enthusiastic the attitude of the Rumanians toward M. Blondelle. When he went to the Jockey Club, as he did every afternoon, people thronged about him to express their interest and sympathy. He once remarked to me: 'Nothing ever touched me more than the words of kindness which were showered upon me in the midst of our worst disaster.'

About September 8, M. Blondelle, who had come up to Sinaia, telephoned to say that a tremendous battle was being fought, which seemed to be turning favorably for France. The following two days more encouraging news came, and at last we received Joffre's official proclamation, announcing a great victory. I happened to be visiting the King when this came. But he clung to his prepossessions, saying: —

'It's nothing but a strategic retirement. The Germans, as they have just informed me, are rearranging their forces preparatory to a new advance.'

I replied: 'If they tell you that, they are certainly telling an untruth. It is not a strategic retirement; they are retreating because they have been beaten. Your Majesty knows perfectly well that they have every reason for hastening their operations; since the slightest de-

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lay may be fatal for them, surrounded as they are by enemies.'

The King pondered silently for a few moments, and then, as if rousing himself from a painful meditation, he remarked sadly: —

'After all, perhaps you are right. Nothing is coming out as I predicted. God has been very good to me so far. This time, I fear, he has abandoned me. My sister, the Countess of Flanders, and the mother of King Albert, was happy in dying before this war began. It would have been better for me had I also gone.'

It was only a month later, on October 11, that King Charles died. The belying of all his hopes and expectations, and the shock of the war itself, doubtless hastened his end.

No one should question his good faith, his honorable designs, or the profound attachment which the nation felt for him. When he realized that public opinion in Rumania was unanimously opposed to our entering the war in behalf of the Central Powers, he submitted without further protest, though our decision pained him intensely — a Hohenzollern to the bone as he was. When he accepted the crown of Rumania he became a Rumanian. The interests of his country took precedence of all else. Compare his conduct with that of Constantine, King of Greece, who sought to defeat the will of his people and to prevent their joining the Entente.

A few days before his death King Charles telegraphed to Constantine: —

I take the liberty, in view of my advanced age, to volunteer my advice. I feel that the place of Rumania is shoulder to shoulder with Germany and Austria. But the situation of Greece, whose interests are so largely maritime, is very different. It is her duty to be neutral. If neutrality ceases to be possible, do not hesitate; ally yourself with the Entente.

King Charles had not left Rumania for many years. He had a very cursory idea of the Europe of 1914. He did not know first-hand the new Germany and Austria. He was convinced that Germany possessed an overwhelming superiority. He viewed a war solely from a practical, professional, and technical standpoint. He simply counted the trained soldiers and divisions on each side, and overlooked war's moral and economic factors. To his mind the English army was worthless because it was so weak upon a peace basis.

His grief at our decision was so profound that for a time he seriously contemplated abdication. During the last days of September 1914, the political leaders of Rumania were forced to keep continually in mind this possibility. But our sovereign's death settled that question. His nephew, Ferdinand, succeeded him.

Although we had not formally declared our neutrality, our attitude was definitely settled. It was certain that we would never ally ourselves with the Central Powers. Public opinion swung more and more strongly toward the Entente. It merely sought a favorable opportunity to express itself. Our political leaders knew this perfectly well. However, their sense of heavy responsibility deterred them from committing the country until the proper moment had arrived. They hesitated and figured chances. Their first preoccupation was the perfectly proper one of securing formal engagements and guaranties from the Allies. They waited for the Entente Governments to agree among themselves as to the conditions they could offer Rumania. That proved difficult, and explains why the negotiations lasted so long — why it took Rumania longer to act than it took Italy.

As King Charles placed no obstacle in the way of the nation's desire to remain neutral, so his successor, King

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Ferdinand, offered no opposition to the country's decision to join the Allies when the time came for us to act. The new King was first and foremost a constitutional sovereign. More than that, the Queen, who was of English descent, and whose influence over him was very great, sympathized strongly with the Entente.

This closes the first act. Rumania, if she was to fight at all, would fight only for the Allies.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE SCHOOLS

BY CONCETTO PETTINATO

From *La Stampa, December* 13
(Turin Giolitti Daily)

In both France and Germany the ending of the war was the signal for an intense agitation for the reform of schools. Three days after the Armistice the revolutionary Prussian government at Berlin presented the world with a new educational programme. Here the profound difference between the French and the Germans is again revealed. In both countries reformers and conservatives are at swords' points; but the aggressive party in France is that of the conservatives, and in Germany that of the reformers. Beyond the Rhine, moreover, the reformist campaign claims to be an ambitious resumption of the movement to regenerate education started by patriotic liberals soon after the Battle of Jena. That movement emerged from the heart and brain of Stein, Humboldt, Fichte, and Süvern, and culminated in the reforms, or attempted reforms, of 1819 and 1849.

On this side of the Rhine, however, the present campaign is fathered by reactionaries, is encouraged by the national *bloc*, and is designed to repudiate and nullify the ideals embodied in the educational legislation of France since 1872. It disregards the fact that under that legislation the public schools of France prepared her for the victory of 1918. It is quite natural, therefore, that in Germany this struggle at once assumed a public and open character. Educational questions are widely discussed in the press. In France, on the other hand, a campaign against the existing school system is conducted beneath the surface, almost without public debate.

These differences of aim and tactics are what principally distinguish the two campaigns. There is another difference, however, more recondite, which deserves a chapter by itself. It comes from the double character, national as well as social, of the ends which the Radicals of Germany seek to attain by unifying the schools. That is a phase of agitation which does not exist in France, where the issue is exclusively social. However, the distinction is more nominal than real. Even in imperial Germany, the school system, modeled upon that of Prussia, was practically uniform. However, we do not know yet whether the efforts of the Berlin reformers to secure still more complete uniformity will accomplish their ob-

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ject, or will merely furnish the Conservatives a new argument in favor of separatism. In both Germany and France the dominant issue in the present school controversy is the attitude of education toward the class conflict.

Although skillfully dissimulated, this aspect of the struggle is more obvious in France than in Germany, where so many confusing ferments are at work that it is difficult to isolate the main point of contention.

The arguments advanced by those who support the programme of Bérard, a French Minister of Education who has succeeded in making himself the rising hope of the bourgeoisie, ostensibly centre around the urgent need of rescuing the classical studies from their present sorry situation. The regulations of 1902, enacted by executive decree without the due deliberation of Parliament, are said to have discouraged the teaching of the humanities in secondary schools, and to have converted their courses of study into a hodgepodge of inharmonious and unrelated subjects. Other points of attack are the shortening of lessons to one hour, and the elimination of the regular class teacher; so that pupils are now turned over to a series of special instructors, who pass constantly from one classroom to another, and have no opportunity to exercise a personal, intellectual, and moral influence over the young people in their charge. Indeed, they usually do not know the latter even by name.

The legislation of 1902 was in response to an unfortunate desire to introduce into France the specialization and thoroughness dear to the Germans. To-day such uncalled-for and ill-considered imitation does not appeal to the mind of France. There was great dissatisfaction before 1902, when a parliamentary commission of thirty-three members made a general inquiry into secondary instruction. This inquiry had a peculiar result. Lavish praise was bestowed upon the secondary-school instructors, but it was unanimously reported that the graduates of those schools exhibited a growing lack of preparation. 'Never have our secondary teachers shown themselves better equipped in grammar than to-day; but the pupils know less grammar than ever before. . . . Never have we possessed more distinguished professors of history in our secondary schools. . . . We discover a mortifying ignorance among the pupils of both Roman history and contemporary history. Many know little or nothing of the period between Augustus and Justinian; others confuse the National Assembly with the Convention. Still others do not know what the Directory was. . . . It is not unusual to discover graduates who do not know the difference between Napoleon I and Napoleon III.'

However, the reform of 1902, which was designed to remedy these evils, and to remove from a highly civilized nation the disgrace of having more than one quarter of its youth practically illiterate when they reach the age of military service, seemed merely to aggravate the situation. At least this is the opinion not only of competent professors, parents, and former students, but also of public bodies, such as the French chambers of commerce, which presumably lay less stress upon scholastic niceties. Rather oddly, many of the latter have exerted themselves actively in favor of the classics, asserting that the neglect of these studies during the past few years has resulted in weakening the faculty of attention, and lowering the mental qualities of the graduates who enter commerce and industry. Men coming from technical schools are said to be distinctly inferior to graduates from classical institutions.

However, preoccupations of a very

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different kind are disclosed beneath these strictly cultural and scholastic criticisms — preoccupations which the average man is not likely to recognize or appreciate. The reforms of 1902, drafted and promulgated during a brief crisis of enthusiasm for the betterment of public instruction, were not designed so much to eliminate classical studies as to establish parallel with them other courses leading to the licentiate, or secondary degree, and qualifying students for admission to universities, liberal professions, and the civil service. Thereupon many young people of modest means and little social standing, who hitherto had been deterred from pursuing secondary courses where Latin and Greek were the main subjects, but had limited their interests to technical courses, and qualified only for humbler positions, had the way suddenly opened to enter higher employments. In a word, the reform of 1902 was democratic. If it failed, this was mainly because the changes made were based on the assumption that the subjects in the curriculum were what had hitherto kept the common people out of secondary institutions. The real and principal obstacle had always been poverty. Experience soon proved this.

The school statistics of 1914 disclosed the fact that only one tenth of the pupils graduated from the grammar grade enter any course whatever in a secondary school.

But it is no use trying to reconcile men who are determined to dispute. French Conservatives now insist that the 170,000 pupils who apply for admission to the secondary schools of France each year are at least 40,000 too many. The real purpose of Bérard's proposed legislation is to get rid of this surplus by curtailing the modern branches in the course of study, by limiting the number of pupils in each class to thirty or thirty-five, and by increasing the severity of the examinations. The aim is, in a word, to make the old faculties of law, medicine, and letters, as well as the famous *École Normale*, a bourgeois monopoly.

Were this plan carried out, in view of the fact that the poorer students whom the Conservatives desire to exclude from the schools are kept out in any case by poverty, the proposed change would not affect seriously the humbler ranks of society. I omit a more extended reference to the widely advertised public scholarships, since official statistics show that out of the four million pupils in the elementary schools of France, not more than sixty sons of workingmen and peasants upon an average eventually receive this honor. The common people will be mainly benefited by improving the primary schools. Indeed a bill was introduced this session to extend the age of compulsory school attendance from thirteen to fourteen years. But the Minister of Public Instruction has not exerted himself to secure its passage; it has been amended so as to lose most of its value; and it probably will be rejected by the Senate. What is the argument for its defeat? 'France has need of manual workers.' . . . 'The rank and file of the people will not consent to such a provision. They would obstruct its enforcement.' . . . 'It would be a dead letter; a drain upon the treasury.' . . . 'Prolonging the course of primary instruction, without having first satisfied the demands of families who distrust that instruction on account of its anti-confessional leanings, would be to substitute a greater evil for a lesser one.'

In Germany, as I have already said, the present agitation around the public school is not dominated to the same extent by purely scholastic considerations and by dubious half-concealed reactionary motives. The compelling

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force is the exaggerated and romantic idealism of a group of Radical parties who encounter little opposition, unless it be secret and half-hearted, from their discredited Conservative adversaries. In fact the old school organization has already received an important reformist innovation in the so-called unitary schools, or *Grundschule*. These represent a four-year primary course, obligatory for every pupil of every rank and standing in the whole country. It is planned to add a second four-year course of the same character, which will prepare pupils either for any one of three courses of secondary instruction — classical, modern, or mixed — or for higher 'popular courses.' If a secondary course is chosen, it prepares the pupil for an ordinary university; if the popular higher courses are selected, the pupil is prepared for the People's University — *Volkshochschule*.

But even leaving aside this first direct step of the Government toward reforming the system of public instruction, — a step which will only gradually become effective, since the present elementary classes are allowed to continue until 1925, — the fever of reform, the constant birth of new educational projects, the succession of school congresses and conventions beyond the Rhine, suggest a movement likely to transform the whole aspect of German education.

In the first place, the old German school system was divided into water-tight compartments; one for the common people, another for the middle classes, and between them a barrier of officials and functionaries. Now the only thing talked about is the unitary school. The old system laid the utmost stress on special instruction; it isolated school subjects into tiny fields divided with almost microscopic exactness, and assigned a special teacher for each. Now educators talk of nothing but synthesis, a correlation of studies, and panoramic culture, reconciling theory and practice. There is danger, of course, that this urge toward unity will end, as such movements generally do, with an explosion of discord. From the eleventh to the twentieth of June, last year, a National School Congress swamped Berlin with a cataract of orders of the day, motions, amendments, reports, and contradictory proposals. This Congress was forced to adjourn without adopting a concrete programme, and without even accomplishing its most urgent task of drafting a plan for a federal Ministry of Public Instruction. The functions of such an office are still performed, as they always have been, haltingly and imperfectly by the federal States and the local governments. A Central Commission, organized as a substitute for the still-lacking federal department, and placed under the Minister of the Interior, succeeded last January in unifying the school year and the school calendar throughout the Republic.

That is not much. While waiting for something better, while waiting for the unitary school, which everyone advocates — including the parties of Rathenau and Wirth at the meeting in Bremen last November — but which everyone, even the Conservatives, conceives in a different way, school reformers are in a continual ferment. From one end of Germany to the other countless Pestalozzis and Montessoris are trying to make themselves heard.

A League for Radical School Reform, founded in October 1919, has already held six national conventions, where it has advocated new types of schools and new methods of instruction, designed to bring education closer to practical life and to cultivate in the rising generation moral faculties in preference to endowing it with mere intellectual equipment. The teachers propose to lift the school

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out of its present mechanical rut as a mere purveyor of stereotyped facts, and to convert it into a living creative influence, not stultifying the individuality, but producing self-directing citizens for the free Republic. Boys are no longer to be compressed into a fixed mould; on the contrary they are to be encouraged to develop along the lines for which they are individually fitted. Parents for the past three years have been drafted into service as members of 'Parents Councils,' to coöperate with the teachers in running the schools. Regular courses of studies have almost ceased to exist. *Versuchsschule*, or experimental schools, have become the order of the day.

Lindenhof's school at Lichtenberg, near Berlin, and the schools at Wickersdorf, Neukölln, Lichterfelde, to say nothing of the Waldorf institution founded by Steiner, and countless labor schools at Frankfurt, Hamburg, and Leipzig, are so many chaotic laboratories of enthusiastic experimenters seeking a formula for the regeneration of the German people. Madame von Koerber, at Leipzig, is a passionate advocate of teaching grammar, history, geography, and music to elementary pupils, by having them recite passages from *William Tell* and other dramatic masterpieces. She teaches her pupils to draw by taking them into a garden and having them copy a beautiful spider web. She teaches arithmetic to the children by playing circus; stationing them in turn at the ticket office to keep count of sales. Clever? Faddish? Who knows? A French schoolmistress would laugh at it. But for the Germans, the main point is to teach children to live.

Germany is content with mastering first the tactics of her new system, before going further. For the present, children study whenever they wish; but this is compensated for by the fact that teachers and pupils work together, in shirt sleeves, and barefooted. There is a return to nature, a getting away from the schoolroom atmosphere and back to the highway of human life.

Austria among other things has conceived the idea of converting its schools into productive establishments, and an educator at Hamburg is at present experimenting with that idea.

But the great question is to reduce all this discordant activity to harmony. When Koch was Minister of the Interior, he said: 'We are all working at present with our eyes to the ground; no one wants to see what his neighbor is doing.' Hamburg, inspired by the Hanseatic spirit, is eager to overthrow the old Prussian ideas, and has borrowed from the Socialists the prestige of their own great pedagogue Paulsen, a Radical and Freethinker, who is an educational councilor for the city of Berlin. But the Prussian school system is offering both passive and active resistance to all these projects and innovations, through its universities, its higher schools, and its conservative families. The Teachers Union, with 117,000 members, advocates radical reforms, and has published a series of militant monographs upon this subject. However, an All-German Municipal Congress at its meetings last August and November 1921, coldly objected that money is scarce, and that instead of starting reforms the local school authorities will be compelled to abolish many classes in the schools, to increase the number of pupils for each teacher to sixty, to dismiss substitutes and married women, and to require teachers to work longer each day. Recently Hamburg, which has led Germany in its public-school system, has tried to save the situation by levying a progressive tax, proportional to family incomes, for the support of its schools. However, in the rest of Germany,

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education is in danger of becoming a luxury.

This fact elicits a smile of satisfaction from Adolf von Harnack, who, like L. Blum, in France, is anxious to see the secondary schools relieved of three quarters of their students. The Weimar constitution, the Haenisch decree in September 1919, the Commission for reorganizing the Teaching Corps, and only yesterday the National Democratic Convention at Bremen, proposed that even public-school teachers should receive an education practically equivalent to that which their colleagues in the secondary schools and universities receive. But the universities of Berlin, Halle, Jena, Tübingen, Marburg, and Leipzig have revolted against this threatened profanation, and the whole question remains in suspense.

Last of all, I should mention the great controversy over textbooks, which everyone wants to revise according to his own political ideas, religious doctrines, and 'cosmic conceptions.'

To sum up, this agitation for school reform in Germany and France is but a phase of the larger social struggle. It is inevitable that in France such a movement should assume the form of a return to the classics, and that in Germany it should be a return to romanticism.

CESARE LOMBROSO — A LIFE OF SERVICE

BY A. G. BIANCHI

[*Though the following review omits reference to the studies in criminology upon which Lombroso's scientific reputation mainly rests, it throws interesting light upon his character and personality.*]

From *Corriere della Sera, December* 8
(Milan Clerical Liberal Daily)

Gina Lombroso Ferrero has just published the biography of her distinguished father, which is one of the most interesting books that I have read for many a day. Its interest lies in the broad, exact, well-documented picture which the author has drawn of intellectual movements in Italy during the second half of the nineteenth century, and in the remarkable person whose life forms the theme of her volume. A daughter's admiration and affection may have heightened the tones of her portrait; but they are not the sole, nor the preponderant, influences that lend merit to this biography. Its five hundred octavo pages reveal domestic intimacies which give the narrative the vividness of a novel.

Only a few months ago a monument was dedicated to Lombroso in his native city of Verona. On that occasion his fruitful labors were reviewed, but in the cold, unfeeling manner which such occasions are likely to evoke. Until today, no one hitherto has told adequately the story of Cesare Lombroso as we knew him and loved him, — has recounted the battles he fought, the victories he won, and the good he did, not

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only by his labors but also by the contagious enthusiasm he aroused. This book supplies that want. It is a most satisfactory record of the marvelous influence which a single man may have in a historic epoch.

Some may fancy that the declining repute of Lombroso's writings, the oblivion which seems already creeping over his name, betokens the decadence of the school he founded and the untrustworthiness of his deductions. That is not true. As a writer Lombroso was often awkward, ambiguous, and on occasion contradictory. He never had the time nor the patience to revise and edit carefully his numerous writings. He was like a raging flood which completely changes the bed of a calm and stagnant river. We have all of us absorbed the best, the vital, and permanent part of Lombroso's teachings. The latter have changed our culture, our scientific attitudes, and our whole conception of social life.

Let the men who smile depreciatingly when Lombroso is mentioned read this biography. It will evoke before them a truly heroic figure, one whose heroism did not spend itself in a single brilliant deed, in a brief episode, but endured throughout a lifetime.

Yet the word hero seems hardly applicable to the little, chubby-faced, rosy-cheeked man, who looked more like a baby than a scientist. His childlike appearance, which harmonized with his innocence and freshness of mind, certainly was a handicap. Lawrence Sterne wrote that the history of the world might have been different had Cleopatra's nose been a little longer. One might contend still more plausibly that Cesare Lombroso would have been spared much suffering and controversy if he had been — I do not say taller — but more like a conventional scientist in appearance.

When Lombroso was twenty-four years old, he had already received high academic distinctions. He had finished his study on cretinism and was beginning a promising career as an instructor at Pavia. Just then, in 1859, Piedmont declared war against Italy. The young man, although he was under no obligation to do so, left Verona without informing his parents, with the books he valued most, to enlist in the patriot army. He gained two decorations for distinguished service in the medical corps. He remained in the service as long as he could be of any use; but although he was promoted and received many honors, and won a competition by his treatise upon gunshot wounds, he nevertheless returned to civil life when thirty years old, without any definite prospect of a secure position, simply because he believed that he could be more useful there. At Pavia, where he gave free lectures and devoted himself entirely to teaching and research, he suffered real privation. However, he gathered material at this time for his *Medical Geography of Italy*, upon which the country's present public-health code is based. He did not permit himself to be discouraged when he saw his former students already holding professor's chairs, but struggled bravely on for ten years more.

Pathos is added to his struggle at this time, because his failure to establish himself in a secure position was due to his absorption in the researches upon pellagra which constitute one of his greatest services to mankind. The story of his privations and disappointments at this period of his life is a long one. Lombroso's attention was attracted to this problem by his sympathy for the poor. His investigations soon brought him into conflict with current official theories. These explained pellagra as caused by a special fungus in Indian corn. Lombroso was bitterly attacked when he showed that the true

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cause was the use of spoiled corn for food. He was able to cure the disease with chemical preparations obtained from the maize itself, employing as an antidote juices expressed from Indian corn. His discoveries were approved by a majority of the physicians in the pellagra districts, and he popularized his ideas by traveling about the country with a cage in which he carried a chicken which he had infected with pellagra by feeding it with spoiled corn. Many professors and scientists, however, disputed his discoveries; at a session of the Royal Institute on December 19, 1872, a professor of surgery persisted in calling Lombroso's experiments quackery.

Such gentlemen were not entirely without excuse for their suspicions. Lombroso possessed wonderful scientific intuition, but he was a very poor pharmaceutical technician. His laboratory products were of unequal quality, and consequently, did not produce uniform results. However, a competent Italian chemist, Carlo Erba, came to his assistance. Then one of the most distinguished chemists of France, Berthelot, became interested in these experiments through Alfred de Maury, the celebrated French historian, physiologist, and psychologist, who was greatly attached to Lombroso, and confirmed the substance of the latter's discoveries. After that, even the Italians who at first had denied their value, came to accept them.

In spite of the bitterness which this controversy evoked, Lombroso never displayed resentment toward his opponents. His generous good-will was inexhaustible. He loved his students, rejoiced in their successes, and was glad even when they — as he repeatedly wrote — 'corrected the mistakes of their teacher.' His letters abound with evidences of this love for his fellow men: 'Be good because this is my religion.' 'Do good for the pleasure of doing it, not for praise and reward. That is the best of religions and the surest source of happiness, unless that happiness be destroyed by fear and resentment at human ingratitude.'

Many instances of his kindness have never been revealed. One in particular has impressed me. The fact that he was a Jew caused him to be suspected of avarice, although up to the time when he was fifty years old he always treated his patients gratuitously, although he had voluntarily resigned his position as an army surgeon, and later gave up his appointments as superintendent of the insane asylums at Pesaro and at Reggio Emilia, both of which were highly paid positions, in order to teach for practically nothing at Pavia. Not only that, but when his investigations in pellagra led to the discovery of a wonderful remedy for chronic eczema, he refused twenty thousand *lire* which Carlo Erba offered him for his rights to his discovery. He insisted that its benefit should go to the public, without cost.

But in 1889, as a consequence of a business disaster through which he lost the little estate he had inherited from his parents, he was forced to look about for some way to utilize his fame and facility as a writer for his own support. It was a painful experience, for he had hitherto followed the ancient maxim that a man should not write for money. He now contributed to the newspapers, receiving fifty *lire* for each article. America and Europe competed for what he wrote; but despite the urging of his friends, he refused higher compensation.

That may seem odd to-day, but it is merely another phase of the childlike naïveté which characterized his whole life. This student of the most profound psychological problems knew nothing of practical affairs. I recall one evening in Geneva, during the Congress of 1896, when I and several friends had great difficulty in getting Lombroso

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back to his lodgings, because he could not remember where they were. This biography contains many anecdotes illustrating these traits of character.

'Lombroso was never orderly in his habits. He could not remember where he had put his garments or his money, and generally depended on some other person to look after these things for him. Once when he was in the army, he changed orderlies, only to discover that he no longer had any equipment, not even a horse, for the previous orderly had sold everything he possessed.'

A trip which he made to Russia in 1897 was characteristic. He started off on the spur of the moment to accompany some friends. But at Budapest he was tired and wished to stop over. Left alone he put up at the first hotel he found, only to awake the next morning without his luggage, without money, and without a railway ticket. An illustrious fellow scientist of Budapest, Sarbo, took him to his house and furnished him what he needed. Two days later, Lombroso resumed his journey, but by the time he had reached Moscow, he had lost his pocketbook, his eyeglasses, his valise, and his train.

His life of sacrifice, devoted entirely to research, as the hundreds of volumes and monographs he left behind him prove, closed with Socratic grandeur. Seventy-five years old, tortured by a painful and fatal illness, Lombroso spent the last day of his life correcting the final proofs of his book upon spiritualism. He was very happy to discourse to his friends on this theme, but was distressed at the incredulity with which they received his opinions. He said: 'It is a secret that I shall penetrate before long.'

That evening he passed into his last long sleep, surveying death itself at the end of his long and laborious life-journey as merely one more field of labor and research. Let us bow in reverence to his name.

A GRAVE BY THE ATHABASCA

BY KEMPER HAMMOND BROADUS

[*Canadian Forum*]

A SODDED mound — a can of withered flowers —
  Railed in with slender poplar. Far below
The river boils, and through the eternal hours
  The dead may watch the cold brown waters flow.

He craved companionship. Instead, came Death,
  Knocking upon his door with fingers rude,
And for his strength of limb, his sight, his breath,
  Illiberal, gave him only solitude.

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MY TENNIS ADVENTURES IN AMERICA

BY SUZANNE LENGLEN

[*Mlle. Lenglen, whose illness prevented the completion of her proposed tennis tour of America, has been recuperating at the villa of her godmother at Pourville, but it is now announced that she will defend her title at Wimbledon, next season.*]

From *Je Sais Tout, December* 15
(PARISIAN MISCELLANY)

I HAD every confidence in my trip beyond the Atlantic. I believed that it would result in a succession of victories; and without conceit, there was nothing to make me think otherwise, for I had easily beaten the best woman tennis-player of the United States at a time when I was suffering from a large blister, which had just broken. In spite of that handicap, I had defeated Mrs. Mallory, the American woman champion. What, then, had I to fear over there? That is why I regard as ridiculous the accusation brought against me by my anonymous enemies. According to them, I was afraid. What adversary over there should I have been afraid of? Who is the woman player who would have made me hesitate or whose challenge I should have declined? Is there a single one? If so, give me her name, for I should like to know it. But I am calm.

Unfortunately, the calumniators are continuing their defamatory campaign, without taking the least pains in the world to see that it accords with the truth. May the weight of their evil action fall on themselves! As for myself, I have the satisfaction of duty done, and I place at the disposal of those who may doubt, the account of my services since 1914. If a single athlete has encountered so many rivals as I, during these seven years, I am ready to admit that I was afraid, very much afraid, of her whom at Paris I beat for the championship of the world by a score of 6–2, 6–3.

I am the more distressed at the misfortune which pursued me in the United States — like illustrious comrades in sport who have not themselves been attacked — because I went thither to play for the benefit of the devastated regions, to which I myself belong and for whose relief I should have been happy to make my modest contribution, had not the state of my health forbidden it. Sickness was for me the most terrible adversary that I had encountered in the course of my career. One might have said that it sought to avenge upon me my victories of the past. Until then I had never yielded to exigencies, but this time they were the stronger, and I am still their victim for, alas! I do not know how long.

At a single stroke I have paid for all the efforts that I have expended during the last seven years without ever taking the least rest. Yet could I refuse the battle when it was a question of a match for the benefit of the wounded, the prisoners, and the invaded regions? For these beneficent games I did not hesitate to meet skilled players in both doubles and singles, and it is perhaps this series of imprudent efforts that caused the malady from whose results I am still suffering.

They find fault with my conduct

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under the pretext that no matter what the season, I was always in good form, the year round. I was proud of my resistance. I thought it would last. I was mistaken. I understand too late that no organism can submit to such a régime. There must be the periods of rest that are required by all sports. I took no care of myself: in the winter I played on the Côte d'Azur; in the summer I took part in all the championship games and then in the games at the seashore. If I had exacted less of myself, I should not be, at the age of twenty-two, in the state of health in which I find myself.

I did not want to go to America. After the injury to my foot, which forced me to take a complete rest after winning the world's championship at Saint-Cloud, I had to go into training again for the championship games at Wimbledon, which I won for the third time. Under these conditions, I developed a cough which had all the symptoms of whooping cough. I wanted to rest and I declined the multitudinous invitations that were made me. I put off going to America and tried to get back into good health. In vain!

Three times I delayed the date of my departure. It will no doubt be remembered that the newspapers declared that I could not stand the change, which shows how my family and I both hesitated. I thought it imprudent, but there was so much insistence that my mother and myself decided to go in spite of my father's advice. An evil day for us!

We left France August the sixth and arrived the thirteenth. I was not superstitious then, but now I believe in the bad luck of that number '13.'

As a usual thing, when an athlete goes to America, it is necessary to take time to get used to the climate — all the more so when the athlete is a woman and the weather is very hot. I, moreover, was really ill. We had scarcely got off the steamer when a match was arranged. On the sixteenth I was scheduled to play for the American championship. I dared not refuse, even though I did not feel by any means in possession of my powers. I was to play against Miss Gross, but she, having declared that she was ill — a privilege denied me — was replaced by Mrs. Mallory, the best tennis-player over there, whom, it is true, I had beaten in France. My adversary, to whom I render homage, had several advantages over me: she was in good health, she was used to the climate, and she had all the other players, and the public as well, to support her. I always remember Tilden's saying to me at Saint-Cloud, 'Suzanne, she will beat you!' and I have not forgotten his deception after my victory. I think also of his triumphant air in America.

It would not have been swaggering on my part to refuse the match against Mrs. Mallory. I hoped to find enough strength in me to hold out and win. I tried to lie to myself. The match began. I found myself short of breath from the beginning. Then I began to have terrible fits of coughing, but I kept on fighting to the very limit of my power. After I had lost the first set and was taken with — to put it mildly — the beginning of a fainting fit, I had, with death in my soul, to declare that I gave up the game. Who is there that knows me and has seen me play who will not find this convincing proof of the ravages of the sickness?

I was in such a state that a physician was called at once, Dr. Hurd, who, after an examination, made me take care of my throat and forbade me to play for eight days, so that I might follow his treatment in every respect. Even if I had wished to run counter to his prescriptions, I was incapable of holding my racket. I had, moreover,

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not the least appetite and refused all nourishment. Champagne was all that kept me up. This doping was scarcely sufficient to give me strength!

I grew no better. I coughed with as much regularity as before. Wretched headaches made me think I had a jazz band in my head. I was delirious and my temperature went up to 104°. One night, when I broke into a fever, my mother was obliged to wake the representative of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs who accompanied us, in order to send him in haste for the doctor. Worn out with the struggle and feeling that my condition was only growing worse, we decided that I should change my environment and that I should do better in the open air in a place where I might receive a more wholesome nourishment, and so we went to the Nassau Club — a beautiful spot. Growing better, I tried to take up a normal régime again. I did not want to lie stretched out like a rag again and decided to make an attempt to play; but scarcely had I served once or twice when I was obliged to stop, out of breath and taken with fits of coughing. It was no use. I was worn out again that evening, the prey of fever and insomnia.

It had been understood that on September third I was to play an exhibition match on the occasion of the finals for the Davis Cup. I tried to get into form for this meet, so that I might not disappoint my American friends. I went to the courts at Forest Hills in an automobile, but I fainted on the way, and my head fell on the shoulder of the wife of the French representative. There was no question of my playing from the very moment I got there — only of finding a doctor. Dr. Saybolt examined me carefully, forbade me to play, made me lie down all day, and declared that even without my fainting fit, it would have been impossible for me to play the match that had been arranged. He prescribed fifteen days of rest, without moving; but this programme was not at all to the taste of the public, which had hoped for a lively match and after my forfeiture had been announced, manifested its disappointment.

In the evening I went back to the Nassau Club, had dinner, and went to bed. I did not dance, as people pretended. The next day I rested as my doctor ordered. On Monday the fifth, the representative of the Foreign Ministry came to ask me for an exhibition. *Au diable*, Dr. Saybolt and his prescriptions! Feeling a little better and desiring to show the Americans what I could do, I accepted. Luck was with me. It was the only instant of my stay in America when I was almost in good condition, feeling less worn-out than usual. But the burnt child dreads the fire. My participation was announced only at the last moment, when we were sure that I should not have a relapse, and this time the public manifested its satisfaction with an enthusiasm that touched me profoundly. We played mixed doubles, Willis Davis and Mrs. Bundy (Miss May Sutton) against Dean Mathey and myself. We won by a score of 6–2, 6–1. Long applause greeted our victory and in sign of their admiration the spectators threw the cushions on which they were sitting, into the court. The next day there were laudatory articles in all the papers, which made me regret my misfortunes more than ever. What a splendid tour I might have made had I been in good health!

That evening my mother and I went back to the Nassau Club. But I had presumed too much on my strength and during the night the fever returned more violently than ever. Nevertheless, I did not engage in a decisive struggle with the illness, but tried to train each morning in the court before the Club. I

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did my best, but my health went from bad to worse. I worked out of doors and tried to get better, having accepted an exhibition match for the tenth at West Orange. I hoped that things would go better, but the moment I began to play, my cough became disconcertingly worse.

I filled my engagement in spite of everything. With Mrs. Mills I played against Miss Bancroft and Miss Bayard. My partner had not played for six years! Our adversaries avoided me carefully and I had to work for two, in order to win, with difficulty enough, in two sets. I do not know how I got to the end of the match, but I do know in what a deplorable condition I found myself that evening. The next day I gave my last exhibition at the Crescent Club, with Merryl Hall against Miss Bancroft and Throckmorton. I could hardly stand, but to make proof of my good intentions I began the match. In the first set I had to ask them to stop. They begged me to keep on. Without any desire — I was suffering so — I consented and only asked that it should be announced that I could not get beyond the set. I rested for five minutes. I was suffocating and suddenly felt a violent pain at the heart, such as I had never had before. It was impossible to breathe. I went back to the court, finished in a state of exhaustion and unconsciousness not to be described, quite incapable of taking a step. Of course, we lost. I went back, and had to be taken to a room, fainting.

A great dinner had been prepared in my honor. Before leaving for New York, where they were taking me, I insisted on going to thank my hosts and was received with the strains of the Marseillaise. I went back to New York, where the doctor of the *Comité des Régions Dévastées*, on whose behalf I had come, examined my heart for a long time and then asked for a consultation with a heart specialist. Dr. Malcolm Goodridge came on the thirteenth — still the thirteenth! — and forbade my playing. He even ordered me not to leave at once but to remain for at least eight days more.

Thus my disastrous trip ended. Clearly, I had two victories out of four exhibitions, but that is not what I expected. If they had listened to my mother and me, we should not have gone to America while I was in such a precarious state of health, and over there, after my first match, we should have reëmbarked at once; but there was so much insistence that we let ourselves be influenced. That was our great mistake. From my trip across the Atlantic I retain nothing but the memory of illness, the chagrin of having done no honor to my reputation and my official titles, and the sadness of not having shown what I can do for a friendly nation which received me with touching delicacy. What is most terrible in my situation is that Dr. Marcel Caron, in whose care I am, does not let me look forward to the time when I can become again what I was and recover the form that was once admired. In spite of everything, I hope for better days, but America is truly cruel for French athletes.

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THE WORKS OF SAINT PAUL

BY GEORGE MOORE

From the *Sunday Times, December* 25
(INDEPENDENT JOURNAL)

IT was in the first half of the nineteenth century that a minute, verbal, word-by-word criticism of the New Testament was begun by Strauss, a man of such great patience that the image which rises up in the mind when we lay aside his book after reading it for an hour is of one who has undertaken to pick a great stretch of carpet to pieces with a needle, thread by thread. Strauss had many disciples, and the work of the master was carried forward after his death — the counting and weighing of words, the collation of the different senses and the associations in which they appear, the bringing to light of secondary meanings, and the writing of pages of comment and conjecture regarding every faintest historical allusion; and so thirsty were these critics for truth that even the translation of the New Testament into Aramaic seems to have been attempted in the hope of discovering how far the Greek is burdened with Jewish idiom.

In the midst of so much literary activity it is not strange that the genius of St. Paul was overlooked, his literary genius being of little or no interest to the exegetists, who were concerned with Paul's conversion to Christianity on the road to Damascus, whether it can be explained by medical experts, and above all, how he came to formulate a complete system of theology within twenty years of the death of Jesus. A system of theology, said the exegetists, is formulated slowly, not by one man but by many, and to produce Paul's system, fifty years, or perhaps a hundred years, were necessary. And the question then came to be debated whether Christianity was anterior to Christ, the most advanced theory of the Dutch critics being that Paul as we know him in the Epistles never existed in the flesh, but was an invention of a school of writers in the second century.

In brief, it was not Paul but a desire to rid the world they lived in of Christianity, that inspired the labors of the early exegetists, for could they but prove him to be a myth, Christianity would be without title deeds. Some were interested in the spiritual Paul, but their interest was biased by the hope of finding support for their different doctrines in his writings, and none seems to have suspected a great writer, a great poet, in Paul. Nor is this strange; poets discover poets, sculptors sculptors, painters painters, and poetry was far from the minds of the exegetists; but they all knew Greek, and as Paul's Greek was not the Greek of Athens, it was assumed that he could not be a great writer, which is not strange, for to this day scholars think that there can be no great writing done outside of grammar; yet scholars will praise Theocritus and Burns, who depart, one as widely as the other, from the standards of Athens and London.

The gift of vehemence is conceded to Paul, as it might be to any other preacher — shall we say Spurgeon? — and it is forgotten that though his preaching cannot have converted more than a thousand, his writings have

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saved Christianity. For so great an achievement a unique gift coming from within and expressing itself in forms unknown before in literature was needed; and though the distinctions of Paul's style were the needed distinctions, critics have attributed to him Epistles which he could not have written — the Epistles to the Hebrews, to Timothy, and to Titus, the three altogether lacking the quality of heat which makes Paul's style what it is.

Jean Jacques attributes the success of his writings to a certain heat, but the heat that they give is feeble indeed compared to the heat of Paul's words; and as this quality of heat will be mentioned more than once in the course of this essay, it is necessary to give it a name. We will call it personal passion, and declare our belief to be that personal passion is the rarest of all literary gifts, that antique literature shows no traces of it, and that after the Epistle to the Romans we do not meet it till the twelfth century, not till it flares up in the letters of Héloise. We come upon it in the writings of St. Teresa, and if we are so inclined we can detect it in some modern poets — in Shelley, for instance — and if the mention of a poet of these days will help the reader we will venture to draw attention to Swinburne's early poems.

The quality of heat, of personal passion, is commoner among women than men; it flickers through poetry, now here, now there; Shakespeare was without it, and Milton, too, and it is so alien from the antique world that it would be difficult to find anything resembling it in classical literature for, once more, it is not violence — there is plenty of violence in Hebrew literature. Some passages from Lucretius may be cited, but analogies can always be discovered, and it is safe to say that St. Paul was the first exponent of personal passion in literature; and this being so, it is strange that a large body of men — for the exegetists are numerous — should have read and reread St. Paul without drawing attention to it.

It is true that Van Manen expresses admiration for the splendid passages in the Corinthians and Romans, but his admiration for these makes him even more incredible than if he had ignored them. We cannot cast blame upon a man for his blindness, but to believe Paul's beautiful lyrical outbursts are no more than the casual inspirations of certain writing in the second century is a sin against Apollo; and worse still is the belief that personal passion can be extracted from documents, for it connotes a complete lack of the æsthetic sense, without which we should be little better than animals; so in despair we fall to thinking of the scientist in the flying island, who spent his life trying to extract sunlight from cucumbers.

In opposition to the Dutchman's theory that Paul was an invention of the second century, and that the Epistles represent the labors of a school, we may contrast Rénan's liberalism, for he accepts all the Epistles as genuine with the exception of the Epistles to the Hebrews, to Timothy, and to Titus. About the Epistle to the Ephesians he has some doubts; he thinks that it may have been dictated roughly to Timothy and worked over. He accepts the Epistles to the Philippians, Colossians, and Thessalonians, saying that as the same turns of phrase occur in these as in the great Epistles, all must be accepted or else discarded. But people living at the same time not only use the same phrases inadvertently, but copy each other's phrases, and if Rénan had not, like others, overlooked the accent of personal passion, he would no doubt have written: These Epistles seem to me to have been written, if they were written by Paul,

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in a lukewarm mood, when he was not altogether himself; but they express his ideas so truthfully that they cannot be safely attributed to Paul or rejected as spurious, like the Epistle to the Hebrews.

We have qualified the blindness of the German and Dutch critics as natural and not to be wondered at, these being without the æsthetic sense; but the case of Rénan is altogether different, and we fail to apprehend how it was that he should have overlooked the new medium of literary expression, our only guide, and omitted to use it as a test in his analysis of the Epistles. Wherever personal passion is, Paul is not far off; only in one instance in which it is absent can the Epistle be attributed with any confidence to Paul — the Epistle to Philemon, which Rénan speaks of as a tender, lovely thing, redolent of all the graces that flourished in Paul's heart. We, too, admire this little Epistle, but for its humanity rather than for its tenderness. Humbug is a coarse word, let us seek for an equivalent; but why seek for what Paul has found? 'I am all things to all men,' he says, and it may have been in his mind that humbug goes to the making of all great men, for besides ideas and power of expressing them, a great man needs the gift of stage-management; he must stage-manage his life, unless it be contended that the lives of great men are staged by the unseen master of the show.

We refrain from expressing belief or unbelief — we are agnostic, and return to the little Epistle in which Paul is the delightful, plausible Paul that we love as much as the passionate preacher of the Epistle to the Galatians. He would not be our Paul, nor anybody's Paul, we aver, without his gift of humbug, and he is never more truly himself than in his wheedling of Philemon, who he would have reëmploy Onesimus, a convert, a not very efficient servant, he admits, but he would persuade Philemon to pardon him, even to take him into his house as an equal, and he wraps up his request in many pious exhortations, for we are all slaves of our words, and Paul could not write a business letter without being pious. It is strange, and passing strange, that Rénan, who understood Paul's character so well, should have misunderstood this charming note (Epistle is too grand a word), asking that employment should be given to a servant who Paul hopes will not misbehave himself again.

And now to return once more to the theme of this article. We have said that wherever we meet the note of personal passion we may be sure that Paul is not far off, and if this rare literary quality, the rarest of all, be accepted as a guide to Paul, we cannot deny Paul's participation in the composition of the Acts of the Apostles, for we find in the farewell to the elders of Ephesus Paul's very soul upon paper and the quintessence of all the Epistles.

. . . Ye know, from the first day that I came into Asia, after what manner I have been with you at all seasons, Serving the Lord with all humility of mind, and with many tears, and temptations, which befell me by the lying in wait of the Jews: And how I kept back nothing that was profitable unto you, but have shewed you, and have taught you publickly, and from house to house, Testifying both to the Jews, and also to the Greeks, repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ. And now, behold, I go bound in the spirit unto Jerusalem, not knowing the things that shall befall me there: Save that the Holy Ghost witnesseth in every city, saying that bonds and afflictions abide me. But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry, which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God.

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And now, behold, I know that ye all, among whom I have gone preaching the kingdom of God, shall see my face no more. Wherefore I take you to record this day, that I am pure from the blood of all men. For I have not shunned to declare unto you all the counsel of God. Take heed therefore unto yourselves, and to all the flock, over which the Holy Ghost has made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood. For I know this, that after my departing shall grievous wolves enter in among you, not sparing the flock. Also of your own selves shall men arise, speaking perverse things, to draw away disciples after them. Therefore watch, and remember, that by the space of three years I ceased not to warn every one night and day with tears. And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the word of his grace, which is able to build you up, and to give you an inheritance among all them which are sanctified. I have coveted no man's silver, or gold, or apparel. Yea, ye yourselves know, that these hands have ministered unto my necessities, and to them that were with me. I have shewed you all things, how that so labouring ye ought to support the weak, and to remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, It is more blessed to give than to receive.

And when he had thus spoken he kneeled down, and prayed with them all. And they all wept sore, and fell on Paul's neck, and kissed him. Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more. And they accompanied him unto the ship.

It will always seem strange, and passing strange, to poets, who know no light but the æsthetic light, that the mere printing of the Acts, the return to the third person: 'And when he had thus spoken, he kneeled down, and prayed with them all,' should have blinded men's eyes for centuries to the truth so sensible, so plain, that we are, whilst reading these words, in the very presence of Paul, his eyes looking into ours, his breath upon our face.

But the world is always lured by some trivial fact, for the world can only appreciate trivial facts. John Addington Symonds, no mean writer, who spent years exploring the life of Michelangelo, instead of studying the artist's work, maintained to the last that 'The Entombment' in our National Gallery was not by Michelangelo, giving no better reason for his incredulity than that no mention is made of the picture in the contemporary records, every one of which he had read. I remember his very words: Michelangelo, he said, lived at that time in such a blaze of notoriety that an easel picture painted by him could not have escaped notice. And for reasons equally trivial, a mere change of tense, the exegetists continue to attribute the writing of the farewell to the elders of Ephesus to Luke, believing in their simplicity that the emotion of a man standing at the parting of the roads, bidding good-bye to all his friends forever, on his way to Spain to create a new religion, can be transcribed by a secretary.

If the farewell be accepted as authentic Paul, as something written or dictated by him, the greater part of the Acts may be regarded as his memoirs, written by himself in Rome, and once this is admitted many interesting questions will come to be discussed — for instance, how the narrative of the conversion on the road to Damascus occurs in the ninth chapter. Our answer is that the conversion on the road to Damascus fails to pass the æsthetic test, and that the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth chapters bear no sufficient traces of Paul's style, and that it is not until we reach the thirteenth chapter that we enter on a narrative which has come down to us with a few miracles and details added by the editors, but which, in consequence of its energy, it is difficult to believe could have been written by anybody except Paul. For Paul was the great literary genius of

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the first century, and to apprehend the greatness of his genius we have only to compare the farewell to the elders of Ephesus with the texts of Mark, Matthew, and Luke, or, indeed, with any other texts of that time. Besides being a great emotional writer, Paul was a great descriptive writer; and there are traces, too, in the Epistles of a strange power of narrative, and this latent power we find in full blast in the story of the arrest of Paul in Jerusalem and the story of the trial before Felix. And now comes another point: A poet writing out of his imagination would put a finer gloss upon it; Shakespeare would have done so, no doubt, but only the man who had been through it could write it as it is written, for there is a difference always between what is taken from life and what comes out of the mind. We would remark here that our suggestion is not that what comes out of the mind is inferior to what is taken from life, merely that it is quite different and as easily recognizable by the expert as Dresden china is from Chelsea.

After the trial at Jerusalem there is another at Cæsarea, and the narrative of the shipwreck is admitted by the advanced pundits to have been written by one who was present. Luke is put forward as a possible chronicler, for what reason we cannot even hazard a guess; not for reasons of style, we are sure of that; there is no connection between the style of the third Gospel and the virile narratives of the Acts, but there is a connection between the style of the Acts and the style of the Epistles, one which till now has been overlooked. And to turn from texts to humanity, we ask if it were likely that Paul, who was fond of writing and dictating, should leave Luke to write his memoirs? He had very little to do in his quiet house in Rome, and had reached the time of life when every man writes his memoirs to help the time away.

AFTER BEARS IN KASHMIR

BY MAJOR A. W. HOWLETT

From the *Manchester Guardian, December 9 and 12*
(RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

I TIED up my boat in a sickle-shaped bay on the shore of the lake, where it would be well protected from the storms which sweep down with great violence and suddenness. I had left the river mouth in the early morning while it was dark, and the gray pearly dawn had found me floating afar on a shadowy waste of waters which merged with the mysterious dark shadows along the mountain feet. The air was muggy and warm and breathlessly heavy, and all kinds of waterfowl were calling from hidden beds of reeds. Steadily, and without a word, the boatman and coolies drove in their long punting poles and sent the bubbles hissing to the surface, whilst the heavy craft drifted on to her bourn.

At the mud-walled village which topped the bay I picked up my shikari, a thin, hawk-faced man, very voluble

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at once on the subject of possible shikar. He was anxious that I should spend a day or two exploring the various nullahs which ran up from the lake into the recesses of the greater hills. A white stranger to these villages excites nearly as much interest as Charlie Chaplin in Piccadilly, and the shikari under whose charge he has placed himself shines with much reflected glory. Also, the village turns over a score or two of rupees, in which all may hope to share. So I well understood the inclination of my shikari to tempt me to linger awhile in the place of his birth.

He said he would show me a bear the next evening — in fact he knew for a surety there were five bears in the surrounding nullahs. I agreed to be led, on the understanding that if we met no bears that time we should leave the boat and move up at once into the farther hills. He led me through the village, a jumble of two-storied houses of mud bricks and reeds and patches of Indian corn, to the rising of the ground which began with an acclivity of stony, threadbare fields, hedged in by dry thorns, to the place where the fields ended and the broken ground of bear-land began.

All the way he talked to me of bear-lore, and I am experienced enough now in the ways of shikaris to be able to sift fiction from fact. Much of what he told me was substantiated later in my own experience, so I give it without further comment, save only with a parenthetic interjection on the poverty of the ordinary natural-history books, which are apparently all copied from one another without any fresh accretions of knowledge and with the same old errors perpetuated.

I speak only of the black bear, for the red bear lives on the higher hills, usually above 8000 feet, and is quite a mild and inoffensive beast. About the month of June, when the thousands of mulberry trees ripen and begin to drop their fruits, the bear comes down into the valleys and gorges himself on the berries to repletion. Later on, in July, he goes back higher up the hills and ravines, to 6000 or 8000 feet, to feed on the wild apples which begin to ripen and fill the trees by bushels. Hardly less important in his dietary are the luscious wild apricots, which in profusion are scarce less than the apples. A bear will eat two *maunds* (160 lbs.) of fruit, and he does an immense amount of damage in getting it. Going through the jungle by the narrow hill paths, the shikari discovers unerringly the whereabouts of bears by the broken boughs of the apple and apricot trees, and by the degree of witherment of the leaves on the broken twigs he can estimate the time that has gone by since Bruin passed, and very likely form a shrewd guess at once where he has gone to digest his meal. Old mother bears with cubs are very dangerous and will attack at sight. It is easy to know when a she-bear has a cub with her by the constant gritting of her teeth, which can be heard a hundred yards away.

In August the bears come low down again, this time to steal the Indian corn, which by now has ripened in the valleys, and the village boys shout and yell all night to try and keep the raiders out, but with very partial success. Then the bears retreat again to the high ground and lie on the grass of the long uplands which in between the forests roll away in waves of verdure like the Sussex Downs. Once again, in the winter, they visit and take toll of the poor, wretched villager, for they do not appear to hibernate throughout the cold, but on warmer days amble down again into the valleys, this time in search of meat. Rising erect, a bear can break the neck of an ordinary village cow with a single blow of its immense forearm, and can then drag

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away the carcass to the edge of the jungle to devour it at its leisure.

The shikari led me up a large nullah which at its broad lower end began as a rocky and thorny floor and, gradually narrowing, in its upper heights filled up with dense jungle. It was about two hours before sundown. The sun was glinting on the broad, steely stretches of the lake far below me and my boat looked like a tiny Noah's ark.

All the way he had been instructing me, and I was amused at the critical glances he cast into my face, as though appraising me. I realized for the first time the gamble which makes the life of a shikari. He himself is armed only with a knife and small hatchet, and he may pick up a sahib who either regards the whole business as a 'lark' or else does not know how to handle a gun. And the lives of both of them depend on the sahib's coolness and shooting. He instructed me very earnestly again as we sat down on a rock half concealed by thorns. 'Now, sahib, one shot with the rifle, load again at once without waiting, then wait till he is fifteen paces. On no account shoot again before he is within fifteen paces.'

I promised to do his bidding, — for I had only a single-barreled rifle, — and we sat there in dead silence for an hour listening to the call of wood pigeons and their heavy flapping in the trees. Then suddenly there came a crash and a rending of trees on the slope opposite, sixty yards away. The shikari touched my arm and pointed. And now we saw the tops of the apple trees swaying in spot after spot and heard the crashing of boughs rent down with enormous strength. But still there was no sight of the great black-furred body. Anon the crashing would stop, and I heard for the first time the curious gritting of the teeth of which the shikari had told me, showing that it was a dam and that she had her cub with her.

The waving of boughs was gradually working downward towards a thin place in the jungle right opposite me and on to which I now directed my rifle with my finger on the trigger. But there is a Providence looks after bears as well as hunters — I had knowledge later of both of them. Suddenly there came a shouting and a clattering amongst the boulders of the dry river bed, and a wretched coolie, scared of his life and bawling at his loudest now and then, came dragging behind him a long pine sapling which he had cut. Instantly the bear took fright, and I got a glimpse of black fur through a small opening in the jungle as she and her cub made for the hilltop. My shikari was so chagrined that, before I could stop him, he sprang up, seized my alpenstock, and chased the miserable man right down to the mouth of the ravine. The coolie would have been only too glad to have known we were there. It drew me a picture, though, of the dread in which these jungle people must go about their daily tasks. I was sorry indeed to lose my quarry. Better luck next time!

One evening the shikari — his name was Amir — led me out of camp by way of many jungle paths to a steep slope encumbered with rocks and small bushes and bordered on either side by dense pine jungle. On the way he paused often to show me on the paths, which had been wetted with rain shortly before, the prints of enormous feet in shape all but human; for the bears in these remote Kashmir forests care little for man, and utilize his pathways with the coolest nonchalance. From the depth of the imprints and the enormous stretch between the fore and hind limbs, especially where they chanced to stretch across a gully, it was easy, and, indeed, a little alarming, to realize the vast strength and activity of the animals. We sat down noiselessly among

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some rocks, whence we could look straight down the slope, and after waiting for an hour and a half heard the well-known heavy rustling of the undergrowth. It is a joyful but terrible moment this and sets the steadiest heart pumping. Then Amir rose inch by inch and beckoned me aside, and, rising without a sound, I moved near to him and looked where he pointed, some eighty yards down the *klud*, at a triangle of glossy black fur. 'A bear and a cub,' he whispered. 'Reload as soon as you fire. Remember, fifteen paces.' With that I slowly rose upright, getting what footing I could, drew a bead on the spot of black fur, and fired. The roar of the heavy rifle filled the valley below, and instantly every sound in the forest grew still. The recoil knocked me backward, but I heard Amir crying excitedly, 'She 's hit — look out.' I stood, reloaded, expecting the charge of the fierce brute; but none came, and foot by foot we went down the slope. Sure enough I had hit her, for we found the bushes torn and trampled, the earth torn up, and blood. It was too late to follow that evening, but next morning, while the bushes were still aglitter with dew and the resin of the pines smelt powerfully in the air, we took up the trail.

I cannot describe at length how for a week we followed that bear from nullah to nullah, from hilltop to hilltop. One day a Gujar — one of a tribe like gypsies who come and camp in Kashmir in the summer — reported that he had been attacked by a wounded bear, but the buffalo which he was driving had driven it off. We hurried off and found her, sure enough, sitting by the side of a round pond on a clear upland set with walnut trees. Before I could fire she was off into the jungle. Once again I tracked her, by the crows this time.

It is hard to feel pity for these black terrors of the village and jungle, but I confess I began to feel a sort of anger that I could not finish my task more quickly.

Finally, in a rocky, bushy channel, to which we made our way with difficulty, we came on all the birds had left of her, and at once the mystery of how she had survived the wound was explained. For there lay before us the remains of *two* bears, one large and one three-parts grown. Tufts of fur and bones lay everywhere, and there was not even a skull unspoilt enough to bring away as a trophy. Round about lay the huge footprints of at least three or four other large bears. As Amir said, what had happened was now clear. The young bear had been standing alongside its mother, and my bullet had hit it first, gone clean through it — it was a .400 H.V. rifle — and then finished its course behind the shoulder blade of the old bear. Had the young one not been in the way the shot would have dropped the dam within a few yards. I was disappointed at thus losing both of them. It was a shot that had deserved better.

We resumed our beating, and it was about four in the afternoon that we were finishing our last nulla. A torrent bed with a central ridge in it made an opening in the jungle, which lay very thick all round it, and over this on a small bare patch Amir and I sat down to watch. He sat on my left holding my shotgun between his knees and leaning against a small sapling which, in the event, saved our lives. The line of beaters grew nearer, their shrieks and yells and rattling of sticks growing deafening. Of a sudden it all went up into one frightful scream and roar, and wild shrieks of 'Bhalu! Bhalu!' I trained my rifle on the open patch of dry stones before me, ready to fire and reload the instant the great black form broke out.

Suddenly the shikari gave a gasping

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'My God!' — the only English I ever heard him speak — and fired both barrels of my shotgun into the air. As I looked I saw a monstrous black bear reared up on his hind legs and trying to bring his smashing forepaw down on our heads. Only the sapling prevented him, and the two shots which Amir fired turned him. He dropped and burst back into the bushes. Amir was now like a madman, with the veins standing out on his hawklike face like cords. 'After him, sahib,' he panted; 'oh, he will kill three men now.' It was pandemonium, all the beaters pressing in, despite our yells to take care, and howling like maniacs.

I felt we could hardly avoid a tragedy now, that every second the fierce brute would dash out and maul some of us. I held the rifle, and had my service revolver in my pocket for a hand-to-hand tussle. Amir had reloaded my gun. Then, like a flash, the black monster broke back with a crash in the bushes and went off down the very nullah where we had first expected him. I ran for all I was worth and got just ahead of him. I was standing in a leafy tunnel with the dry stones at my feet, when he appeared on the path above me, so close I could have touched him with a spear. He stopped dead, and I saw through the leaves just his flank, and fired point-blank into it. He dashed off again, and this time we followed him through fearful country as hard as we could go, marking the blood splashes on the stones and bushes. Then we lost the trail and cast about for ten minutes, till Amir gave a shout and beckoned me forward. We had come to a steep, long slope of small fir trees, and there, looking up, I saw at last our enemy face to face.

I never saw such a gaze of hate and fury as he directed on me, for I was alone now, save for Amir, who kept ten yards behind me. I gave him one in the neck, and it ought to have settled any other beast. But with his teeth all bared and his little piggy ears stuck up, he started to scramble on to his legs, eyeing me desperately the while. I saw he would be on to me in a moment, for it was all downhill, and only twenty yards away, so I hastily threw up my rifle, and, aiming with desperate haste and care, got him in the head just under the ear. His head went down suddenly between his paws, and with the impetus he had already gained he went clean head over heels, and came rolling over and over like a gigantic woolly ball. He just missed me, and never came to a stop till he had rolled sixty yards down the slope and was brought up by some stout saplings. Then the villagers came up yelling with delight over the body of the huge brute that had wrought them so much damage and fear. It was an exceptionally large bear, old, savage, and cunning, and had probably escaped many a time before.

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SHELLEY'S FIRST WIFE

BY W. COURTHOPE FORMAN

From the *Cornhill Magazine, January*
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

IN the year of grace 1643 a line of forts was drawn hastily round the western suburbs of London by order of the Parliament, who were fearful of an attack of the Royalist troops. One of these forts or bastions was named 'The Mount,' and between 1700 and 1750 a street was built of which the eastern extremity was Berkeley Square — the western the old Parliamentary fortress whose name was preserved not only in the street itself, but in a celebrated coffeehouse, 'The Mount,' much frequented by wits and men of letters. Many of Laurence Sterne's love letters to Mrs. Draper are dated from 'The Mount,' for the creator of the immortal 'Tristram Shandy' lived his last days in apartments in Bond Street. Yet another 'Mount Coffee House' (which by the way was really a tavern) was destined to be connected with a great name in literature. Late in the eighteenth or quite early in the nineteenth century, a certain John Westbrook made a comfortable fortune there, retiring to a private house in Chapel Street some years prior to 1811. John Westbrook was the father of two daughters, Eliza and Harriet, the former by many years the elder. In those days Clapham was famous for the selectness of its 'seminaries for young ladies,' and to a Clapham school the retired publican sent his younger daughter. The establishment, 'Church House,' kept by a Mrs. Fenning, stood on the edge of Clapham Common facing old Trinity Church. Among Harriet Westbrook's schoolfellows were the sisters of Percy Bysshe Shelley, and it was through them that the poet and Harriet became acquainted, and by means of this acquaintance and its developments the name of that 'commonplace' young woman (I doubt if she ever deserved the description) can hardly fail to be prominent for centuries to come in the story of English poetry. No portrait of Harriet Westbrook exists, but both Thomas Love Peacock and Helen Shelley have painted vivid word pictures of her, which portray a young girl whose personal charm and attraction must have been great indeed.

All youthful freshness; fairness; bloom; short of stature; slightly and delicately formed; light of foot and graceful in her movements; with features regular, and well-proportioned; her complexion bright and clear, the tint of the blush rose shining through the lily; her abundant hair light brown, and beautiful as a poet's dream — the tone of her voice was pleasant; her speech the essence of frankness and cordiality — her laugh spontaneous, hearty, and joyous.

It is certain that this beautiful child, only just sixteen, was unhappy and dissatisfied at home, and there can be no doubt that she confided her troubles to the young poet, giving him her love unasked. It has been said that only Shelley's native chivalry induced him to link his fate with hers, but surely there was more than chivalry in his regard for the younger daughter of John Westbrook? Those lines 'To Harriet':—

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Whose is the love that, gleaming through the world,
Wards off the poisonous arrow of its scorn?
Whose is the warm and partial praise,
Virtue's most sweet reward?

Beneath whose looks did my reviving soul
Riper in truth and virtuous daring grow?
Whose eyes have I gazed fondly on,
And loved mankind the more?

Harriet! on thine: thou wert my purer mind;
Thou wert the inspiration of my song;
Thine are these early wilding flowers,
Though garlanded by me.

Then press into thy breast this pledge of love,
And know, though time may change and years may roll,
Each flow'ret gathered in my heart
It consecrates to thine —

show feelings far warmer and stronger than chivalry and affection for the lady who inspired them. It is, however, uncertain to *which* Harriet they were addressed, whether to his young wife, or to an earlier flame, his cousin Harriet Grove. Shelley eloped with Harriet Westbrook from her father's house early in September 1811, and the young couple rushed off 'straight to Edinburgh,' where they became man and wife, according to Scottish law. Afterwards in York, in Dublin, in Wales, in Lynmouth, in the little cottage at Keswick, there can be no doubt that Harriet was not only an affectionate wife but a congenial companion to her husband, something more than the 'agreeable and pretty' of the biographers; and had not Shelley, after their growing incompatibility of character asserted itself, met with a more appealing personality in Mary Godwin he would probably not have parted from his first wife with such crushing suddenness. Certainly even as late as March 1814, if he contemplated the possibility of a separation, he was at least prepared to assure the legal status of herself and her child, for on the twenty-fourth of that month he and Harriet were remarried at St. George's, Hanover Square. Here is a copy of the church register.

Percy Bysshe Shelley and Harriet Shelley (formerly Harriet Westbrook, spinster, a minor) both of this Parish were re-married in this church by license (the parties having been already married to each other according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of Scotland), in order to obviate all doubts, that have arisen, or shall or may arise, touching or concerning the validity of the aforesaid marriage, by and with the consent of John Westbrook, the natural and lawful father of the said minor, this twenty-fourth day of March in the year 1814, by me, Edward Williams, Curate. This marriage was solemnized between us — Percy Bysshe Shelley, Harriet Shelley, formerly Harriet Westbrook — in the presence of John Westbrook, John Stanley.

This remarriage was probably instigated by Shelley's father-in-law (whose nickname was 'Jew Westbrook'), who thus desired to make assurance doubly sure.

Then in the following May the poet met Mary Godwin, now a girl of seventeen, whom he had not seen since she was a mere child — and the poet found 'his affinity' with a swiftness that recalls a humorous sketch of the late Artemus Ward — 'Among the Free Lovers.' Harriet had already refused a reconciliation, and early in July we are told by Lady Shelley that

to her [Mary] as they met one eventful day in St. Pancras Churchyard, by her mother's grave, Bysshe, in burning words, poured forth the tale of his wild past — how he had suffered, how he had been misled, and how if supported by her love he hoped in future years to enroll his name with the wise and good who had done battle for their fellowmen, and been true through all adverse storms to the cause of humanity — unhesitatingly she put her hand in his, and linked her fortune with his own.

Whatever may be urged in Shelley's favor with regard to the arrangements

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he made for Harriet's future welfare, or the good advice he gave her as to her conduct, the fact remains that he practically deserted the young wife whose affections he had won and then, to all appearance, lost. The chivalry which had induced him to give her his earlier protection was not strong enough to prevent him from indulging his passion for another woman. For more than two years Harriet Shelley and her children must have led an unhappy and unsatisfied existence. *Where* she lived for the whole of that time it is impossible to say. Mr. Kegan Paul affirms definitely that 'the immediate cause of her death was that her father's door was shut against her.' However that may be, early in November 1816 (probably the ninth) Harriet sought a refuge from all her troubles in the waters of the Serpentine. 'Thus in gloom, abasement, and despair, closed the young life that had been so charming in the bridal days of 1811.' Before her death she wrote a letter to her sister, which is, however, in part addressed to her husband. This letter made a somewhat mysterious reappearance many years after the writer's death. It has, I believe, never been published, but there is, I have reason to think, no cause to doubt its authenticity. It is merely dated 'Sat eve,' and is as follows: —

My dearest and much belv[d] Sister, — When you read this let[r] I shall be no more an inhabitant of this miserable world. Do not regret the loss of one who could never be anything but a source of vexation and misery to you all belonging to me. Too wretched to exert myself, lowered in the opinion of everyone, why should I drag on a miserable existence? embittered by past recollections and not one ray of hope to rest on for the future. The remembrance of all your kindness which I have so unworthily repaid has often made my heart ache. I know that you will forgive me — because it is not in your nature to be unkind or severe to any. Dear amiable woman that I had never left you, oh! that I had always taken your advice, I might have lived long and happy, but weak and unsteady have rushed on to my own destruction. I have not written to Bysshe. Oh no, what would it avail, my wishes or my prayers would not be attended to by him, and yet should he rec. this, perhaps he might grant my last request to let Ianthe remain with you always. Dear lovely child, with you she will enjoy much happiness, with him none. My dear Bysshe, let me conjure you by the remembrance of our days of happiness to grant my last wish. Do not take your innocent child from Eliza who has been more than I have, who has watched over her with such unceasing care. Do not refuse my last request, I never could refuse you and if you had never left me I might have lived, but as it is I freely forgive you and may you enjoy that happiness which you have deprived me of. There is your beautiful boy, oh! be careful of him, and his love may prove one day a rich reward. As you form his infant mind so will you reap the fruits hereafter. Now comes the sad task of saying farewell. Oh! I must be quick. God bless and watch over you all. You dear Bysshe and you dear Eliza. May all happiness attend ye both is the last wish of her who loved ye more than all others. My children — I dare not trust myself there, they are too young to regret me and ye will be kind to them for their own sakes more than mine. My parents — do not regret me, I was unworthy of your love and care. Be happy all of ye, so shall my spirit find rest and forgiveness. God bless you is the last prayer of the unfortunate

Harriet S.

To you my dear Sister I leave all my things; as they more properly belong to you than anyone and you will preserve them for Ianthe. God bless you both.

That is Harriet Shelley's farewell to her sister, her husband, her children, her parents, and to the world. Surely the judgment of the world will hardly be that the woman who penned those lines was shallow, commonplace, heartless, or without intelligence?

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A SPANIARD IN GERMANY

BY MANUEL BUENO

From *Heraldo de Madrid, December* 15
(Liberal Daily)

History teaches us that monarchs are apt to commit two errors: first, to identify their throne with the people whom they govern; second, to consider an army their firmest guaranty. No monarch has paid more heavily than William II for these two fundamental blunders. If any man ever enjoyed intensely the popular idolatry that surrounds a throne, that man was the present hermit of Amerongen. The Prussian royal line, and the other historical leaders of the German people, believed that he embodied the evident proof of Divine intervention in the government of nations; the financial and industrial world made him its fetish; and the proletariat, benefiting by advanced social legislation and the state's paternal care, did not regard the occupant of the throne as an obstacle to its most extreme demands. With this powerful backing, William II was able to create the most formidable military organization in the world. Who was there to oppose the policy of force which this symbolized? In the eyes of the aristocracy, a great army was the capstone of all political institutions. The leaders of industry and commerce believed in a powerful army as indispensable to the protection of their own interests. And since this militarism did not run counter to the economic aspirations of the working classes, all three elements of society supported or consented to a monarchy which posed — at least on the stage — as an invincible military dictatorship set up in the heart of Europe. How could William II escape becoming an arrogant self-worshiper? His poses may be condemned, but they were neither silly nor ridiculous. Frivolity and presumption do not thrive well in an atmosphere of moral grandeur. The mind of William II was saturated with the memory of philosophic and military traditions too lofty not to unhinge more or less the intellect of any man. Great in thought and great in action, the German nation seemed called by destiny to carve out for Europe new models of culture and progress. How could the man whom God and destiny had placed at the head of this nation, escape fancying himself omnipotent and almost infallible? None the less the faith and the temper of the monarch were the fruits of his ignorance of popular psychology.

Neither the affection nor the superstition which exalted him was enduring. Doubt and disappointment undermined and overthrew them. The Germans are too intelligent a people to permit political passions to blind them to the lessons of experience. They loved their Kaiser and trusted him just so long as they believed the monarchy an institution sure to succeed. Later, when their eyes were opened, when they saw Germany's military power crumbling and William II slipping over the frontier, stripped of the last vestige of dignity and grandeur, they brusquely repudiated their old political faith, and passed on the Kaiser the sentence from which there is no pardon — oblivion.

I have verified this personally by conversations with men of every type

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and class; William II has been forgotten. His former subjects neither pity nor censure him; they disdain him. They supposed the monarch a necessary part of the government until he suddenly ceased to function. Had he remained defiantly at the head of his troops, to fall enveloped in a halo of glory, they would remember his name with respect. As it is, except for a few aristocrats who have taken refuge from the tempest of politics in golf, and a handful of generals who cannot reconcile themselves to the loss of their honors, no one cherishes the slightest illusion now regarding the poor Hohenzollern fugitive in Holland, who used to thrill all Europe with his sabre-rattling, his arrogant proclamations, and his imperialist ambitions. 'Is he thinking of recovering the throne?' I have asked of many people in whose opinion I had confidence. 'Will a restoration occur some day?' In every case, the person I addressed smiled with incredulity.

To-day the Germans are making to the best of their ability an experiment in democracy, which, with all due allowance for their past, they are not unfitted to carry to a successful issue. If this experiment enables them to recover economic prosperity, to stabilize their institutions, to control class passions, they will make democracy their watchword of government. The mere fact that members of the dethroned family walk freely about the streets of Berlin constitutes no threat to Republican Germany. People are utterly indifferent to these pedestrians, and merely shrug their shoulders when they hear of secret conclaves where Ludendorff, von Tirpitz, Mackensen, and other favorites of the old military camarilla, foregather. The Government, realizing the feeling of the people, knows these militarist meetings are now harmless.

Monarchist sentiment has declined to such an extent in Germany that Charles's attempt to recover the Hapsburg throne in Hungary was a subject of ridicule rather than a source of alarm. The cartoons which the comic papers printed, and the condemnations of the responsible press, portrayed clearly the ironical skepticism with which German public opinion watched the unfolding of that mock heroic conspiracy.

Since this is so, are we not justified in regarding the recent overturning of so many thrones as the end of a system? Is there likely to arise hereafter a man capable of making monarchy as an institution appear identical with the political life of a nation? No one but an ossified palace flatterer could cherish such an error to-day. The present state of Europe presages a pessimistic future for royal institutions. The awakening proletariat which already threatens the much securer rule of bourgeois capitalism — and we are not referring especially to Germany here — shows little respect for political fetishism. The doctrine of divine right is dead.

God may dwell in the consciences of nations, but we have no indication that He loves to dwell in reigning dynasties. Most existing monarchs are shrewd enough not to depend on the divine-right theory, but rest their thrones on a more concrete prop to power — the army. But is there anyone so blind as not to see that the spread of democracy foreshadows the ultimate decline of all military institutions? Would any intelligent man to-day attempt to draw a dividing line between the nation and the army, or imagine that one could be used to hold the other in subjection?

At least so far as Germany is concerned, there is every appearance that the military obsession which disturbed the tranquillity of Europe for thirty years, has vanished.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

CORTEZ

BY WILLIAM KEAN SEYMOUR

[*Colour*]

Cortez one night trod
  The deck alone:
In the high heaven
  A great moon shone,

A golden fruit
  Of the vast tree
Whose blue, still branches
  Drank the sea.

With questing gaze
  That captain dreamed
While the gold pathway
  Shook and gleamed,

But to his gaze,
  Hungry and tense,
Burned not that broad
  Magnificence,

Seeing no beauty,
  Seeing only bars
Of gold and silver,
  And gems like stars,

Silks and emeralds,
  Ivory and furs,
And strange new plunder
  From foreign curs.

Plunged the ship on
  Through cresting seas,
With no land risen
  To give him ease,

But to his soul
  And his soul's sight
Shaped allurements
  Of fierce delight:

Treasure looted
  With pike and sword,
And cowering slaves
  Dumb to his word;

Ships and sailormen,
  Fire and death,
And glory, glory
  With every breath.

Cortez that night trod
  The deck alone:
In the high heaven
  A great moon shone.

RUSTIC SUNDAY

BY CECIL HANN

[*Spectator*]

By the roadside
The flowering plum trees
Are like village-girls
Going to church on Sunday:
And the flowering blackthorn trees
Are like white-headed pensioners,
In twos and threes,
With old black coats
And crooked bodies.
But you, in stiff white muslin,
Are lovelier even
Than a flowering apple tree.
You are the curved
New blossom
Of a dog-rose,
Dewy-sweet,
On a Sunday morning.

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'MAX BEERBOHM IN PERSPECTIVE'

'You might have waited for my demise, instead of merely hastening it,' remarked his subject — or victim, as you please — to Mr. Bohun Lynch, when the latter communicated the news that he was about to write *Max Beerbohm in Perspective*. But admirers of Beerbohm will agree that the Beerbohmian protests against its publication, in themselves justify the volume. Here they are: —

I remember several books about men who, not yet dead, had blandly aided and abetted the author; and I remember what awful asses those men seemed to me thereby to have made of themselves. Two of them were rather great men. They could afford to make awful asses of themselves. I, who am 100 miles away from being great, cannot afford such luxuries.

My gifts are small. I've used them very well and discreetly, never straining them; and the result is that I've made a charming little reputation. But that reputation is a frail plant. Don't overattend to it, Gardener Lynch! Don't drench and deluge it! The contents of a quite small watering-can will be quite enough.

'Gardener Lynch,' however, was not to be deterred, and his readers may rejoice therefor. He has produced an amusing study of an amusing writer, not a flippant study, but not a painfully serious one, either. He is no impaler of butterflies upon pins, this 'Gardener Lynch.' Here is his description of the inimitable Max: —

A profound dandy, who obviously loves comfort, a settled and ordered and unadventurous life, very pleased with small and simple pleasures, but very curious, eager to see how some wheels go round, but not all wheels; probably with little ambition, in no wise greedy, a mischievous child, fond of animals, fond of the oddest kind of people (and rather proud of that fondness) — a child again, a wise child — wise enough to live in a place where civilization is the servant of man, and not his taskmaster, a place where peace reigns with beauty. Where he lives is just that retirement that he predicted for himself five-and-twenty years ago.

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STEWART EDWARD WHITE IN FRENCH

THE Librairie P. V. Stock, of Paris, publishes as one of the volumes in its *Bibliothèque Cosmopolite*, a French translation of Stewart Edward White's novel, *The Silent Places*, from the pen of M. J. G. Delamain. The translations issued by these enterprising publishers merit the name 'cosmopolitan,' for they include works from English, American, Russian, Austrian, Swedish, and Norwegian literature.

The American novelist appears in good company. Among the translations are the complete plays of Christopher Marlowe, De Quincey's *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, Shelley's poetry and prose, Oscar Wilde's plays, numerous works by Kipling, and a complete French translation of Tolstoi. This last is of special interest, for the translators have gone directly to the original manuscripts and have made their French version from them, rather than from the Russian versions as published.

Mr. White has no reason to complain of his translator. No American, of course, will ever get over a queer feeling that there is something odd about referring to an Indian as a *Peau-Rouge*, however proper it may be to call him a redskin, just as the Kipling-lover feels uncomfortable when he finds those three immortals, Privates Mulvaney, Ortheris, and Learoyd, presented to him as *Les Trois Troupiers*. But M.

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Delamain has done all that could be asked of him, that is to say, he has turned Mr. White's tale of the northern woods into French which follows the English as closely as one language can follow another.

It is rather interesting to observe that in one or two instances Canadian French is not altogether intelligible to Parisians and requires footnotes. Thus the Canadian-French word for moose, *orignal*, is explained in a footnote as the *élan du Canada*, and *caribou* (perhaps Indian in origin but a good French-Canadian word to-day) is made clear to French readers as *renne sauvage du Canada*.

D'ANNUNZIO'S 'NOTTURNO'

NEVER was any book written under stranger conditions than Gabriel D'Annunzio's most recent volume, *Notturno*, which breaks the writer's silence of five years. A serious injury to the poet-aviator's right eye, incurred in bringing down his plane after a flight during the war, compelled him to spend long weeks in bed, motionless and in complete darkness, for the sight of both eyes was threatened.

While he was wrapped in darkness, D'Annunzio tried to write, using strips of paper pinned one below another on a board, which he held on his knees. This device enabled him to grope his way along, strip after strip, painfully scrawling a sentence on each. These strips were gathered together, deciphered, and transcribed by the poet's daughter; and their publication had already been begun when D'Annunzio recovered sufficiently for a return to warlike activities. Then came the Fiume adventure, and *Notturno* had to be laid aside together with all thoughts of peace. Only in the last few months, in the quiet of his retreat at Gardone Riviera, has D'Annunzio been able to complete his work.

Notturno consists of a long sequence of compositions in lyrical prose, mostly meditative or visionary, but with contrasting interspersions of a bolder and livelier character — descriptions of the May days in 1915 when Italy entered the war, of naval actions in the Adriatic, and of the funeral of the heroic aviator Miraglia. The eloquence and color of the new work are in the author's old style, with its brilliancy increased. Its novelty lies in the perfection of the lyric prose sketches, which are said to equal the best of D'Annunzio's verses.

A writer in the London *Times* says of the new book: —

> *Notturno* is the self-expression of an introspective visionary. The things which the poet's extinguished sight can no longer perceive reappear phantasm-like before his imagination in such a way as to remind us of some of the boldest passages of De Quincey's *Suspira de Profundis*. No brief account can give an adequate idea of a work so original. In it D'Annunzio has reached a novel simplicity of expression. He has adopted quite successfully the methods of the impressionistic lyrical school, of Rimbaud, for instance, while remaining free from eccentricity and a model of classic purity.

HANDBOOKS TO THE MIND OF FRANCE

Two little books of especial interest have recently been added to that invaluable little series of concise and authoritative handbooks, the *Collection Payot*. These are: *La Littérature Française au XIX^e^ Siècle*, by Dr. René Canat of the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, and *Les États de la Peinture Française de* 1850 *à* 1920 by M. Camille Mauclair.

The *Collection Payot* is a series of volumes, small enough to fit easily in the pocket, which are intended to form a summary of French culture in all its phases. Among the authors represented

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in the series are M. Paul Appell, Rector of the University of Paris, M. Louis Leger, Professor at the College of France, M. Édouard Montet, former Rector of the University of Geneva, and other writers, scholars, and artists of equal distinction. The subjects range from Greek coins and Islam, to analytic geometry, the war, Pan-Germanism, and French art and literature. Bound in stiff brown boards, these compact little books sum up for the general reader the important details that he really wants to know, in most of the subjects in which he is likely to be interested.

M. Canat's book fills two of these little volumes, the first running from 1800 to 1852, and the second carrying the story on to the dawn of the present century. Into a little more than three hundred small pages, M. Canat packs the entire history of French literature in the nineteenth century. Naturally, he has not written an exhaustive treatise, but he has contrived to write one that is highly useful to anyone except the special student.

Perhaps M. Mauclair's book is of even more interest to American readers, for in it are to be found illuminating discussions of the tendencies in French art of the last seventy years which have had their repercussions in American studios. He writes on portraiture since Ingres, the Orientalists, Impressionism and its theories, the Intimists, and the Post-Impressionist reaction. Here again we have not an exhaustive treatise nor a special and technical work produced for the art critic, the student, or even the painter, but a simple, unpretentious, very readable and extremely useful review of French painting from 1850 to 1920.

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THE WITTY OXFORD DICTIONARY

SOMEONE in the editorial offices of the *Manchester Guardian* has been reading the dictionary. This is the result: —

> If brevity is the soul of wit, the *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (the best one-volume dictionary in the world) is a witty book, but one did not suspect it of humor. However, here is a find. It is the definition of the word 'wing.'
>
> > Wing: One of the limbs or organs by which the flight of a bird, bat, insect, angel, &c., is effected.

Surely that bit of condensation was not written without a twinkle.

✠

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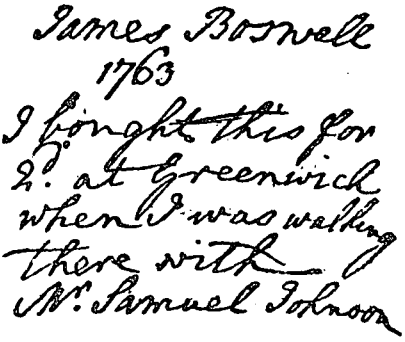

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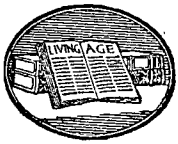

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